

The People.

A Weekly Newspaper for All Classes

ONE PENNY. [Registered for Transmission Abroad.]

LONDON, SUNDAY, DEC. 25, 1881.

110, STRAND.—No. 11.

THIRD EDITION.

THE PEOPLE OFFICE.

Saturday Evening.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

(THROUGH REUTER'S AGENCY.)

THE JEANNETTE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—Mr. Frelinghuysen, the Secretary of State, has telegraphed to Colonel Hofmann, the chargé d'affaires at St. Petersburg, instructing him to convey to the Imperial Government the thanks of the President of the Republic for the liberal and generous assistance accorded to the survivors of the Jeannette.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND ROUMANIA.

VIENNA, Dec. 23.—The *Freundeball*, the organ of the Austrian Foreign Office, this evening again refers to the Roumanian question, and repeats, in view of contrary assertions made by foreign journals, that Austria-Hungary has never for a moment thought of using the present opportunity to coerce Roumania into making concessions with regard to the Danube question itself.

DARING ROBBERY IN RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 24.—The *Official Messenger* to-day announces that on the morning of the 19th inst. a daring robbery was committed in the Imperial Receivers Office at Sebastopol, from which the sum of 47,000 roubles was stolen.

The thieves effected their entrance by means of a subterranean passage which they had carried from the outside into the interior of the building. energetic steps were immediately taken by the authorities for the discovery of the thieves, three of whom were shortly afterwards arrested with 27,000 roubles of the stolen money in their possession.

THE VIENNA FIRE.

VIENNA, Dec. 23.—Another list, corrected up to date, of the victims of the fire at the Ring Theatre, has been issued this evening. It gives the total number as 419, but the fate of twelve of these is doubtful.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Dec. 22.—The trial of the action for libel brought by M. Challemel Lacour, the French Ambassador in London, against M. Rochefer has been postponed for a week.

DENMARK.

COPENHAGEN, Dec. 23.—A positive contradiction is given to the news published to-day by a London morning paper that a marriage had been arranged between Prince Waldemar, of Denmark, and a niece of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

ARREST OF AN ENGLISH SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Dec. 21, Evening.—Mr. O'Donovan, the special correspondent of the *Daily News*, who lately arrived in this city from Merv, was arrested this morning and lodged in prison at Galata Serai, on a charge of having publicly used yesterday expressions of a character insulting to the Sultan. Mr. O'Donovan has been released on bail, Mr. Fawcett and Sir A. Sandison acting as his sureties. The trial of the case is fixed for to-morrow.

Dec. 22, Evening.—The proceedings against Mr. O'Donovan commenced to-day. Ten witnesses deposed to having heard the accused use seditious language. The Court refused to allow the prisoner to remain at liberty on bail, although Mr. Fawcett explained that he was under the influence of fever at the time when he made use of the expressions complained of. The trial will be continued on Saturday. It appears that the arrest of Mr. O'Donovan took place under the following circumstances. That gentleman, when in a restaurant, made use of some strong expressions with reference to the Sultan, which a Turkish officer, who was present, overheard. He immediately went out, and, having reported the fact to the police, returned with some Zapties, who took Mr. O'Donovan into custody.

THE CRUISE OF THE ROYAL PRINCES.

HONG KONG, Dec. 21.—The detached squadron, including H.M.S. *Bacchante*, with the Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales on board, has arrived here. Their royal highnesses proceed on the 26th inst. to Canton. The town of Hong Kong is to be illuminated on Christmas Eve in honour of the royal visitors.

MUTINY AT SEA.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 21.—Seventeen sailors of the British ship *Resolute*, who mutinied on their voyage from Rio de Janeiro to Valparaiso, and compelled their officers to make for this port, were arrested here to-day. The captain of the *Resolute* jumped overboard during the voyage, and was drowned.

SPAIN.

MADEIRA, Dec. 22.—It was decided, at a Council of Ministers held to-day, not to adjourn the Cortes for the Christmas recess until the Bills relating to the recruitment of the army and the municipal loans have been passed.

FRANCE AND TUNIS.

PARIS, Dec. 22, Evening.—The recent statement that M. Roustan will return to his post is confirmed, and it is asserted that he will leave for Tunis to-morrow.

THE TRIAL OF RANDAZZO.

PALERMO, Dec. 22.—The jury to-day returned a verdict of guilty on all the counts of the indictment against the brigand Randazzo, but with extenuating circumstances as regarded the charge of murder. The prisoner was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

SIR EVELYN WOOD.

DURBAN, Dec. 22.—Sir Evelyn Wood embarked here to-day for Delagoa Bay, on his way to England. He was presented with an address yesterday afternoon by the Corporation of Durban, and a grand ball was given in his honour last night.

TUNIS.

TUNIS, Dec. 22.—It is expected that the Tunisian General, Elies Musall, will shortly tender his resignation.

THE ANTI-JEWISH RIOTS IN RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 22.—A court martial is sitting at Neisse, in the Government of Tchernigoff, to try two hundred persons charged with participating in the anti-Jewish riots which occurred there in August last. Amongst the prisoners are some wealthy merchants, who are accused of inciting the mob to acts of violence. The town is guarded by mounted patrols, and the sale of strong drinks is prohibited during the period of the trial.

The Governor of Turkestan has established a system of customs' inspection on the frontier to prevent the entry of English goods into Turkestan from Bokhara free of duty. A duty of five per cent. on Indian tea has been imposed.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

SYDNEY, Dec. 22.—The New South Wales Parliament has been prorogued by the governor, Lord Avena-

Lofftus, who, in his speech on the occasion, said that many measures had been passed during the present session which were calculated to be of great benefit to the country. The revenue from all sources, including the customs, showed a gratifying increase over the estimates made in the financial statement.

EXPECTED DUEL IN BELGIUM.

BRUSSELS, Dec. 23.—During the debate in the Chamber last Tuesday an alteration occurred between M. Olin and M. Coremans, and it is stated that a duel will be the result.

THE RETURN OF CETEWAYO TO ZULULAND.

DURBAN, Dec. 24.—A public meeting was held here last night, at which a resolution was passed by an overwhelming majority, strongly condemning the proposal to allow Cetewayo to return to Zululand.

EXPECTED REVOLUTION IN HAITI.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—According to a dispatch received here from Havana, a report has reached that place of a revolutionary outbreak at Saint Marc, Hayti, which was only suppressed after fighting, in which 150 men were killed.

TUNIS.

TUNIS, Dec. 23.—Owing to the influence of Ali Ben Khalifa, three of the largest tribes in Southern Tunis still hold out against the French.

EASTERN ROUMELIA.

PHILIPPOPOULIS, Dec. 23.—The Provincial Assembly has voted the Budget for the coming year. The deficit, amounting to 2,700,000 piastres, is expected to be met by the surplus from this year's Budget.

AUSTRIA.

VIENNA, Dec. 23.—The *Political Correspondence* this evening says it has good authority for contradicting a report, published in the Vienna newspapers, of the capture of a large Italian sailing ship with contraband of war destined for Kiwosce on board.

LATEST GENERAL NEWS.

Railway Collision at Slough.

On Saturday morning, shortly after six o'clock, the 5.30 Great Western railway train from Paddington, ran, during the dense fog, into a goods train which was being shunted at Slough Junction. None of the passengers were injured, but the engine and tender of the railway train, and some of the trucks of the goods train were damaged. The line was blocked till about ten o'clock, when the traffic was restored.

Friday's Fog.

The metropolis was visited by a fog on Friday of varying intensity, beginning with a light haze at an early hour, which the rising sun dispelled, but which reappeared about two in the afternoon, and gradually deepened in intensity until sunset, between four and five, when the fog cloud took possession of the hemisphere, and the metropolis was smitten with premature darkness. During the dense fog in Manchester and the neighbourhood two girls named Stephens, on their way to work, walked into the canal between Failsworth and Newton Heath, and were drowned. A woman was also drowned under similar circumstances at Newton Heath, and a man is reported to have been drowned at Miles Platting. The body of a man, named John McDermott, was found frozen fast in the ice of a pit into which he had fallen on Thursday night. The deceased leaves a widow and large family. At Smethwick a young lady lost her way, walked into the canal, and was drowned. Trains from north and the south were late in arriving.

Representation of Westminster.

The following telegram has been received from Sir Charles Russell, M.P.:—"The statement that I intend to retire from the representation of Westminster is not true."

Carmarthen Election.

The writ for the Carmarthen Boroughs, to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. B. T. Williams, having accepted a County Court Judgeship, issued on Friday.

Metropolitan Board of Works.

The estimates for 1882 show that in the coming year a rate will have to be levied of 6 2/4d. in the £ as against 5 8/4d. last year.

St. Paul's Industrial School.

The Home Secretary has informed the School Board for London that, having referred the case of the St. Paul's Industrial School to the Director of Public Prosecutions, he has received from him a report stating that the evidence would not support any criminal charge, and that, consequently, no criminal proceedings can be instituted. Sir William Harcourt adds that he intends to propose that a Royal Commission shall be issued to inquire into and report upon the whole system upon which reformatory and industrial schools are established and administered.

Corpus Christi College.

The Rev. Thomas Fowler, M.A., Fellow and Sub-rector of Lincoln College, was on Friday unanimously elected President of Corpus Christi College, in place of the late Mr. Wilson. Mr. Fowler graduated in 1854.

Mr. Grenville Murray.

The death was announced on Friday, as having taken place in Paris on the 29th instant, of Mr. Grenville Murray, who was well-known as a frequent contributor to the newspaper and periodical press. Mr. Murray was also the author of "The Member for Paris," and other works.

Mr. Spurgeon.

Mr. C. H. Spurgeon arrived in London on Friday, from Montevideo, where he has been abiding for the benefit of his health for the past seven or eight weeks.

Two Men Suffocated.

At Blaenavon Works, on Saturday morning, three workmen were found in a cabin, two being dead and the third in an exhausted condition, so much so that his life is despaired of. It is supposed that they went into the cabin for shelter, fell asleep, and were overcome by the noxious fumes.

Extraordinary Recklessness.

At Rochdale, on Friday morning, a man named Fisher was charged with having been drunk while he was in charge of an ordinary cart containing 300 lbs. of gunpowder and 63lb. of dynamite. Some of the bags of powder had their lids off, and packets of dynamite were also exposed. In this way they had been carted nine miles, through a thickly-populated district. The man was fined, and summonses were issued against the owners of the explosives, which were concealed.

Suicide of a Publican.

On Friday, Dr. Thomas held an inquest touching the death of Henry Palmer, 25 years of age, manager of the White Lion Tavern, 15, High-street, Bloomsbury. The father of the deceased, a wine merchant, carrying on business at No. 4, Panton-street, Haymarket, said his son was occasionally given to drinking to excess. He managed the house in High-street for the witness, who noticed that on Monday last he was "strange in his manner, and seemed to imagine everyone was his enemy." He was worried with the responsibilities of his business. Other witnesses spoke to the deceased having been found in the spirit-room upstairs, lying on

floor with his throat cut. There was a razor lying beside him. He had been very restless for some time, and had been drinking excessively.—The Coroner remarked that the deceased had obviously been delirious through drink, and while in that condition, destroyed himself.—The jury found a verdict of "Suicide whilst of unsound mind."

Serious Charge against a Physician.

Dr. Wm. Jones, M.D., F.R.C.S., was committed for trial on Friday by the Wigton (Cumberland) magistrates on four charges of criminal assault on young girls on Dec. 13. The accused is stated to have inveigled the girls into a shop where he prepared patent medicines.

Four Persons Drowned.

The bodies of three men and a woman were on Friday morning found in the canal near Newton Heath, Manchester. It is believed that the deceased had fallen into the canal during a dense fog.

The Sheffield Poisoning Case.

At the Sheffield Police-court on Friday, Kate Dover, against whom a verdict of wilful murder was returned by a coroner's jury on Thursday night, was brought before the assize on the charge of having poisoned Mr. Skinner, an etcher and artist, with whom she lived as housekeeper. It was stated that the prisoner became known to the deceased in consequence of going to his house to purchase some pictures, and that she subsequently took charge of his household affairs. Frequent quarrels resulted from his allowing her but a small sum for the weekly expenses, and her having to pawn clothes and other articles to obtain food.—It was argued that the illness which the prisoner was supposed to be suffering from when Mr. Skinner showed symptoms of poisoning, was assumed, and that she had also feigned illness since his death.—The inquiry will last three days.

The Wigan Colliery Accident.

The inspection of the mine in which a fatal accident occurred on Monday, was commenced on Friday by Mr. Hall, Government Inspector of Mines for the district. The funeral of Mr. Cronshaw, mining engineer, son of the vicar of St. Thomas's Church, Wigan, took place on Friday at the Wigan cemetery.

There was a large course of spectators, including the deceased's fellow-students at the Wigan Mining and Mechanical School, his Sunday-school class, and brother teachers, the Mayor of Wigan, a parishioner of St. Thomas's, and his daughters, who are all teachers in the church schools.

Another death has taken place. Edward Potts, one of the injured, who was removed to his lodgings in West Leigh, died about midnight. One of the persons not identified is believed to be William Lee, who came into the district a short time ago from Stockport.

Recent Wills.

The following wills have recently been proved:—That of Mr. Frederick Harrison, formerly of 10, Lancaster-gate, Hyde-park, but late of Sutton-place, Woking, personality exceeding £223,000; of Mr. William Lee, J.P., D.L., the senior partner in the firm of Lee, Son, and Co., cement manufacturers, late of Holbrough-court, Snodland, Kent, £214,000; of Marie Jean Pierre Hubert, Due de Cambacérès, late of 31, Rue de l'Université, Paris, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, formerly a Senator, and Grand Master of the Ceremonies of the Emperor Napoleon III., £210,000; of the Rev. Frederick Dobson, late of Stratfield Mortimer, Berks, £21,000; of Mrs. Agnes Jane Hugo, widow of the Rev. Thomas Hugo, rector of West Hackney, £9,500; and of Admiral Sir George Graham Otway, Bart., who died at Naples, £5,000.

Serious Charge against an Ex-Mayor.

Mr. T. Cogar, ex-Mayor of St. Ives, Cornwall, and Justice of the Peace, was charged before the local magistrates on Friday, with obtaining certain sums of money from the corporation by false pretences. It was alleged that the accused, who, whilst discharging municipal duties, also held offices of rate collector and assistant overseer, obtained from the corporation several sums as rates on market tolls, which for several years had been exempt, and had not accounted for them. After the production of the account books and evidence of the town clerk and town treasurer, the case was adjourned to allow of the attendance of a Government auditor.

The Potters' Strike.

A mass meeting of operative potters, held at Hanley on Thursday, definitely brought the strike to an end, and all the operatives will be at work after this week. A remarkably good feeling exists between masters and men on the whole, and several of the manufacturers have advanced their work-people a week's wages to enable them to enjoy a good Christmas, whilst in almost every case in which work has been resumed a bounty has been given to the operatives to enable them to have a little conviviality.

A Heavy Claim.

The action brought by the liquidators of the City of Glasgow Bank against Mr. William Mackinnon, merchant, Glasgow, for £311,000, was, on Friday, decided in Edinburgh, before the Lord President, in favour of Mr. Mackinnon.

A Sculling Match.

The match between Godwin and Bubbear, on Friday, for £100, over the Thames Championship course, resulted in the victory of Godwin by eight lengths.

A passenger train on the Great Western line, travelling between Stow-on-the-Wold and Chipping Norton Junction on Wednesday, left the metals when a mile-and-a-half beyond Stow, owing, it is thought, to the floods having affected the permanent way. The engine and carriages were thrown violently against the bank. The fireman, Thomas Thomas, of Oxford was very seriously injured

GHOSTS OF THE PEOPLE.

THE GUILD OF ART AND MYSTERY.

There was a new face in the old circle, and a pleasant face withal to look upon, belonging to a Sister lately co-opted to the Guild under the name of the Fair Journalist.

"You are a journalist," said the Boss from the High Chair; "have you any politics?"

"I believe I am a Radical," responded the Fair Journalist, with a slight tremor in her fine soprano.

"Impossible!" remarked the Boss, "all Radical journalists are unfair! Democrat, if you like, because in the higher mysteries the Democracy and the Empire are one and indivisible, but Radical—"

The Boss, who, as was his wont, left his sentence unfinished, here took his pipe from his mouth, and serenely puffed Radicalism and politics with the smoke into space.

"Mr. Recorder," he continued, "I presume you have instructed our new Sister in our methods of procedure. I need hardly say, therefore, that every year, on December 21, the shortest day, or rather the longest night, our Guild holds its annual gathering, and that the junior brother or sister is expected to commence the proceedings of the evening."

Our Recorder, therefore, turned down the lamps—the Boss entertaining a fanatical antipathy to gas, as one of the arch-enemies alike of Art and Mystery—and the Fair Journalist, judiciously eschewing preface or apology, began

THE SPANISH MONK.

During the Peninsular War, a detachment of dragoons was quartered in a Spanish monastery. It was before the days of the Kyle Society and Herbert Spencer, and the Sweetness and Light now universally diffused had then not softened the manners of the army. In short, it is to be feared that the monks had not been treated with consideration. They had made objections to giving up their home and their chapel, and had been roughly handled, though it is not said that any were killed. But when the brethren were driven from the roof which was to have sheltered them until they crept into the safer shelter of the graveyard, and left their holy shrine to be desecrated by heretic soldiers—one of them (the Englishmen supposed he was the Superior, or some one in authority) turned, and laid a curse upon the invaders. They did not know what the old fellow meant with his gibberish; perhaps he did not know himself. But some one, or some thing, did.

The detachment remained for some time in their convent quarters, but nothing seemed to go right. The soldiers grew moody, quarrelsome, and discontented; and the officers had the indefinable feeling—easily recognised by every good officer who keeps his finger on the pulse of his regiment—that the men were getting out of hand. At first they tried judicious letting alone; but as matters did not mend, the captain in charge asked one of the sergeants if he knew what was wrong.

"Something's wrong, sir," said the man; "and, what's more, we ne'er of us know what it is."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"There are queer things going on in this old place, sir, and that's a fact; and the men are beginning to say that they won't stay here any longer."

"Not stay here! but they must. What's the matter with the place?"

But that was just what the sergeant could not be induced to say. He shuffled and hesitated, seemed afraid of being laughed at, and afraid of saying what he knew; nothing could be got out of him but a request that the officer would come down himself when the men were in bed, and see what was to be seen.

Accordingly, that night Captain —— went to the monk's quarters about 11 o'clock. The old refectory had been made their dormitory, and their straw beds lay in two long rows down the sides; heads to the wall, feet to the passage in the middle. The refectory had been built end to end with the chapel, and the large west windows of the latter formed the upper part of the end wall of the refectory. Captain —— leant up against the wall between two of the beds, and waited. The lights were out, only one glimmering dimly in the long room. Some of the men were asleep, and breathing heavily; most of them were awake, waiting too. Presently he saw a faint gleam of light on the end of the refectory. Then he saw that it came through the chapel window. It spread a dim bluish glow—and lit up the arches and the mullions. And in that ghastly brilliance came the figure of a monk, with the brown hood drawn down so as to hide the face. It floated through the window, and down over the prostrate men, and moved above the beds. Over one led it stopped; and stooping down to the man in it, put its hidden face near his face, and gave a hideous cry—a gasping gurgling hiss in the horrible throat of it. Then it moved back upwards, disappeared through the window, and the unearthly light faded.

Captain —— had been so startled, so paralysed by the strangeness and horror of the whole thing, that it was only when the figure was retiring that he sprang forward and called to it to stop; but it was then beyond reach, and paid him no attention. He left the place, feeling, no doubt, very queer, and next day called the other officers who were with him to council. Of course, the explanation readiest at hand was that it was all a trick of those humbugging old monks, to clear their convent for themselves to come back into; and Lieutenant —— was particularly positive in asserting this, and in declaring his readiness to tackle the masquerading intruder. So that night they all went to the dormitory together, with their pistols ready for use, determined to solve the mystery. It was arranged that they should place themselves at short distances apart, and when the figure descended should close in upon it and seize it.

Midnight came, and the blue gleam slowly dawned in the chapel window. It spread and brightened as before, and down it floated the hooded monk, and paused above the middle passage down the room. The officers rushed out—from behind, from the front, from the sides, and closed on it; but as they closed in, it rose out of their hands. Lieutenant —— fired his pistol; the ball went through the figure, and flattened on the opposite wall. Then it stooped above them, and putting down its cowled head, hissed its unearthly hiss into his very face. Once more it rose, and vanished as usual through the window.

The officers went away quietly, and said little. There was little to say, and every one felt intensely relieved when the next morning orders arrived for the detachment to march without delay. With all possible speed they prepared to leave the old convent to its former inhabitants and their patron saints or demons, and soon all were in their saddles, and off. The road almost at starting made a long loop round the head of a narrow lake, doubling back until for some distance it ran parallel with itself on the two sides. Just after they had rounded the turn, they saw an orderly ride up to their former camp, evidently bringing some fresh orders, and Lieutenant —— galloped back to meet him. The detachment meantime moved slowly on along the lake road, and was halted to await his return opposite a spot

where the road on the other side nearly overhung the water, running below a wall of rock. Thence his brother officers watched him ride back, meet the messenger, receive his message, and set off to rejoin them. But suddenly his horse gave a terrific plunge and tore away at mad speed. Along the road he rushed, until he reached that narrow passage between lake and rock, and there, perhaps, was something more fearful than precipice or water, for the creature gave one cry—the appalling shriek of a horse in deadly terror or agony—and leaped into the lake. And as horse and rider faced their comrades on the other side for that last plunge, the men could see on their faces the expression of utter fear stamped there by what they had seen. That look was there still when the corpses were drawn from the water; not even death could smooth it away. One of the survivors had the nerve to sketch the horse, and the drawing is still preserved.

Within a year every man in whose face the monk had hissed was dead.

I have no explanation to offer; these are facts, and there may still be some living who were witnesses of them; at any rate, the written evidence survives.

"Good," said the Boss. "I remember a very inferior version of the story being published some years ago."

"Yes," said the Fair Journalist, "that is so; but my version is the really authentic one. It was committed to writing immediately after the occurrence by each of the three eye-witnesses separately, and their accounts agree in all the important particulars. The drawing, too, of the horse is still, or was lately, in existence."

"Yes," said the Boss, "and I have heard, though I am not able to vouch for the fact, that it had been shown to Landseer before he painted his picture of 'War,' and supplied him with a hint for that terrible wounded charger. Brother Merchant of the Spanish Main, will you proceed?"

THE OLD MAN'S MESSAGE.

It was in 1852, and I was in the island of Cuba, where my business took me to the town of Cardenas. Among the sugar estates which I visited in the neighbourhood was the Minerva, at that time belonging to Don Jorge Bocco, a small potentate in his way, for he not only owned the Minerva with its *detencion* of over a hundred negroes, and their produce of some seven hundred annual hogsheads of sugar, but was part proprietor with his brother-in-law, Don Luis de Luna, in the Coloso, a plantation producing about four thousand boxes of sugar, and besides the two plantations had funds invested in the United States.

Don Jorge was a polished gentleman and man of the world, and with the assistance of his charming wife, made life at the Minerva very attractive to visitors. His brother-in-law, Don Luis, was a man of very different mould, unpolished, not to say coarse in manner, illiterate and loud, but with handsome presence, remarkably muscular, and a first-rate horseman. Don Luis' mother, an elderly widow, resided on a coffee-plantation, Los Portales, near Matanzas, and Don Luis was in the habit of riding over from El Coloso, to Los Portales to pay her a periodical visit.

The Minerva lay on the road between the two. It was about fifteen miles from El Coloso to the Minerva, and about thirty miles from the Minerva on to Los Portales. The road, bad as it was, was the only means of communication between the three places, and I need hardly say that in 1852 the electric telegraph was unknown in Cuba.

One morning, while we were still at breakfast at the Minerva, Don Luis de Luna made his appearance on horseback. He had ridden from El Coloso, and called in at the Minerva on his way to Los Portales to see his mother. He was in the best of health, and, as usual, in boisterous spirits. The addition to our party naturally lengthened our meal, and it was well on towards two o'clock before Don Luis remounted and resumed his journey. After his departure the day passed as usual, and we all went to bed at the usual hour.

The next morning we had just finished breakfast and were about to separate till mid-day, when fruit and refreshing drinks were always served at the Minerva, when we saw a carriage with three horses driving rapidly along the road from El Coloso.

Almost before Don Jorge had recognised the scarlet livery of the driver, the carriage drew up at the door, and his sister, Madame de Luna, and her servant, alighted.

Something terrible, it was clear, had happened to bring her so unexpectedly to her brother's house. Her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, and her first articulate words were an entreaty to her brother to give her fresh horses, for she must get on to Los Portales at once. Her husband had been poisoned at Los Portales, and she had heard the news that morning.

In vain Don Jorge assured her that Don Luis was in perfect health when he called the day before, and that it was absolutely impossible for any tidings of him to have travelled the forty-five miles from Los Portales to El Coloso in the time. Leaving us, as he had done about two o'clock, it would take him at least four hours more over the execrable roads to reach Los Portales, and it was quite clear that no advices could reach El Coloso between the time of his arrival and early the next morning.

But nothing could shake Madame de Luna's determination. She was certain that her information was correct, and at all hazards she must get on at once.

When her brother asked her who gave her the information this was the story she told. She had risen as usual at half-past five, so as to begin the day with the sun—ladies resident on their estates being, at that time at least, for the most part early risers—and had begun her usual morning round. While she was in the dispensary of the hospital attached to the plantation, looking out medicines for some of the sick workpeople, an old man, whom she had never seen before, appeared at the open window, and said:

"Madame de Luna, go at once to Los Portales. Your husband was poisoned there last night, and is to be buried to-day."

Madame de Luna was a *maîtresse femme*, and not easily thrown off her balance. In spite of the shock of the announcement, she had the presence of mind to call out of the window to some of the plantation workpeople to stop and secure the old man in order that she might cross-examine him.

The blarney heard her, and came running at once, but no old man was to be seen.

The alarm-bell was tolled, and all hands turned out to look for him. As in most other sugar estates, there was a wide clearing round the buildings, the *bater*, used for sun-drying the cane, so that escape was practically impossible, but no old man was to be found, and none of the workpeople had so much as seen him. He had vanished as he had come.

It was this disappearance of her informant which had decided Madame de Luna to undertake the journey. The message was circumstantial and distinct, and there was no other way of testing its truth or falsehood.

Perico, her *cavaliere*, famous for his rapid driving, very soon had the carriage ready with its three horses abreast.

and by the time he brought it to the door, Madame de Luna and her maid were ready to start.

Such was her story, and preposterous enough it seemed. But there she was at the Minerva, resolutely determined to go on, and when Perico admitted that his own cattle were so beaten that it would be madness to try to take them as far as Los Portales, Don Jorge ordered fresh horses to be harnessed.

The roads in the afternoon in the more populous districts were not over safe for a lady travelling in a *volante* alone with her maid, and the question arose, who should accompany her.

I had finished my business in Cardenas, and I had already been staying more than a week at the Minerva, so that I felt I could do no less than volunteer my services. My offer was accepted, and towards one o'clock we started, Madame de Luna and her maid in the *volante*, and I, mounted on one of Don Jorge's best horses.

We pushed on over the whole thirty miles without changing horses, as rapidly as possible, but the roads were so rough that it was nearly seven in the evening before we drew up at the door of the house at Los Portales.

There were several horses saddled and bridled tied up, some to trees, some to hooks near the door, and on the veranda were several gentlemen.

They had returned from Don Luis de Luna's funeral, and were now departing homewards after offering their condolences to his bereaved mother.

He had ridden from the Minerva in about four hours, and after greeting his mother had drunk a glass of lemonade. He was taken ill almost immediately afterwards and died in great agony before medical assistance could be procured. Nobody at the time suspected poison or thought of a post-mortem examination, and in the usual course he was buried the next day.

The unhappy widow at once took measures for having the body exhumed, and an examination showed that he had been poisoned by oxalic acid.

I left Cardenas almost immediately, and I do not know whether the murderer was ever found, but I do know that the facts I have related are exactly accurate, and that no explanation of them I have ever heard suggested is worth a straw.

"That is the special merit of the story," said the Boss. "What is the use of a story that can be scientifically accounted for? But I think Brother Recorder told me you had another story."

Brother Mercator accordingly resumed, with

THE SYMPATHETIC TIMEPIECES.

Year after year it was the custom of the Firm for one of the three partners of which it was composed to take a fairly lengthened holiday either in Europe or America during the summer months. In 1857, it came to my turn, and I left Haven accordingly late in June for the United States, where, however, I made no long stay, being anxious to get on to the old home.

I arrived in England early in August, and one of my first visits was to an old friend and correspondent in the Midlands, whose advice and considerate help had been invaluable to our young Firm, and to whom my partners and I had been greatly indebted.

To my grief, I found him suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis, which, after a few days of distress and suffering, carried him off, and instead of enjoying my long-anticipated visit to him as his guest, I found myself a mourner at his funeral—a real mourner, for not only did the blow deprive me of one on whose counsel and assistance I could always implicitly rely, but of the oldest and dearest friend I had in the world, one whom I at once revered and loved as the manliest of character and kindest of heart among all men I have known.

We buried him on the 17th of August. I wrote the tidings, as a matter of course, to my partners—for there were no cables in those days—and my letter reached them, as I subsequently ascertained, on the 5th of September.

In the first days of October, I turned my face homewards by way of the United States, and as I did not loiter there, I rejoined my partners on the 25th of that month.

When the usual greetings were over, the junior partner, who acted as cashier, handed me an envelope addressed to me, bearing four or five different seals upon it, belonging to as many different firms in the town. I asked in astonishment what the document was, and what was the meaning of this extraordinary variety of seals upon it. For answer I was told to open and read the contents.

They were to this effect:

On the morning of the 12th of August one of my partners on awaking found that his watch had stopped at 3 o'clock.

Thinking that he must have forgotten to wind it up, he called out to our junior, who slept in the next room, to inquire the hour. A sleepy reply came: "Don't know; my watch has stopped at 3 o'clock."

Just as the words were spoken, the negro boy entered the questioner's bedroom.

"Go and see what the time is."

The boy stepped out into the corridor, looked at the clock, and returned.

"The clock must have stopped, massa, it point to 3 o'clock."

"Go into the sitting room, and see there."

Again the lad disappeared and returned.

"Same there, massa! Clock point to 3 o'clock."

On being touched, the two watches and the two clocks were all found to be properly wound, and a watchmaker, subsequently consulted, declared that there was nothing wrong with any of them, but that all were in perfect working order.

In due time, my partners reached the Office, which was in another part of the town, and on their arrival found that the Office clock, too, had stopped at three o'clock.

The coincidence was so extraordinary that my Partners feeling convinced that some significance of some kind—probably unhappy—must be attached to it, decided to place the facts on record in black and white.

They accordingly wrote down their declarations, and had them duly attested by four or five friends, who sealed the envelope in which they were enclosed, and this was the envelope which had been handed to me unopened. I have given the account rather as it was told to me than in the exact words of the declarations, but the substance was identical. At three o'clock in the morning, on the 12th of August, the two watches and the three clocks—which were all the timepieces there were at the house or the office—had simultaneously stopped, and this circumstance was placed on record before anything was known which could, in any way, account for it.

When my letter reached my Partners, on the 5th of September, they naturally connected the singular stoppage of the timepieces with the death of our old friend. He died at about nine a.m. on the 12th of August. The difference of time between England and Cuba is about six hours.

The record of the stopping had been placed in the cash-box on the day it was sealed, and had not been taken out until it was placed in my hands.

"The story," said the Boss, after we had sat down some little time in silence, "has the two highest merits of a ghost story, well-authenticated accuracy and absolute unaccountability. In this case there is a distinct connection between the two events, but a connection of a character altogether impossible to surmise. A connection there is, however, and it gives a special interest to the story. But I suppose almost everybody has had experience of some kind of an occurrence which leads us to look for something to connect it with, but which has contrived to lose its corresponding occurrence. We get hold of a rope of which somebody has cut off the other end. We come on a blind blossom of a ghost story which never sets into fruit. A remarkable instance of this kind happened to me in 1855, which I may, perhaps, call

"SOMEBODY WANTS YOU."

I was then editing a paper which was published immediately on the arrival of every fortnightly Indian mail. I had an office in the Haymarket, close to the Theatre, and on the same staircase, the office immediately opposite to mine was occupied by a Cemetery Company. I was living at an old house in Kensington-square, and it often happened when the mail came in at night, that I had to get up and dress and go to the Haymarket to work. The office housekeeper, Edwards, was, therefore, accustomed to hearing me let myself in with a latch-key at any hour of the day or night, and did not trouble himself if he heard my door bang at two, three, or four in the morning. I always, in fact, when I came in at off-hours, banged the door rather ostentatiously, in order to let him know that the untimely visitor was at least a legitimate one.

all, but never in my life did I see anything plainer than those two men at the lattice-gate, and the look of those letters; I can see them at this minute, so vivid was the impression they made upon me.

My husband was out marching, and of course, everybody kindly suggested that some mishap must have befallen him. But nothing special had happened, and I suppose I shall know what it meant about the same time as you learn who your mysterious visitor was that night. But see that native I did, if I never see another, and it is a pure illusion to talk to me about illusions.

"Quite so," sententiously observed the Boss, "especially in a world in which the illusions are the best realities, and the realities the worst illusions. But let us observe the hour of midnight fitly. Brother Jurisconsult, the Court is with you, pray proceed."

THE IDIOT.

Summer Assizes in a cathedral city on the Oxford circuit. I had gone to my usual lodgings at Mrs. Bozer's in Cross-street, but one of her multitudinous little daughters was taken ill on the day I arrived, and, as the doctor pronounced the illness to be scarlatina, Mrs. Bozer kindly made arrangements with Mr. Turpin in the Close to take me in during my stay. They did not usually take in any gentlemen of the bar, said Mrs. Bozer, and they had a son who had been such a clever lad, and had carried off all the prizes at the Cathedral school; but he had lately gone quite silly, poor thing, and looked as if he wasn't long for this world, which had given them a deal of trouble; but I should find them nice, comfortable people, and if it was cooking a chop or anything of that, there wasn't a better cook in the city than Mrs. Turpin.

So to the Turpins I went, and I found them all Mr. Bozer had said. I had a large sitting-room on the first floor, with a large bay window looking out on the south side of the cathedral, across the neatly-shaven lawn and bright gravel paths. On the side opposite the window was the door into my bedroom, which looked across some dingy gardens to the backs of the old houses in the High-street.

I had, wonderful to say, five briefs at the Assizes—two of them "soup" briefs on the Crown side, two defences in criminal cases, and one at Nisi Prius in reference to a disputed right of way to a windmill. This last was the most important, and the facts were by no means easy to marshal. The solicitor and his clerk, however, had been explaining them to me best part of the evening, and by the time they left me I understood pretty clearly the line I had to take. I was sitting noting up my brief when I heard a sudden sharp scream in the passage, and went to the door to see what was the cause of it.

I opened the door, and saw Mrs. Turpin and a lad about fifteen nearly at the top of the stairs which went up from the landing just outside my door. The lad turned round as I opened the door with an expression of unutterable terror in his eyes, and, with a second scream even louder than the one I had heard, rushed up the next flight with his mother after him.

I turned back into my room, feeling that any interference on my part would do more harm than good, and went again carefully through my brief. In about an hour, Mrs. Turpin came into my room and tearfully explained that her son had been "struck silly, like," some three months before. "He came down and slept in this room," she said, "as his own was being white-washed, and whether it was a bad dream or what I don't know, but there was something as frightened him, and he's never been his own lad since; and the job as I have every night to get him past the door, poor thing, nobody knows, and sometimes he'll scream just like that for ever so long together as you wouldn't think as his strength would hold out to scream so!"

Here a third shriek in the distance again called the poor woman upstairs to his bedside, and I began to think of going to bed myself.

It was a lovely night, and I opened the window wide to look again at the cathedral calmly towering up against the last flush of the summer sunset in the north. I had a couple of candles as well as a lamp on the rickety, spindle-legged table in the bow, and putting out the candles for the sake of the moths who might come in at the window, I sat in my arm-chair at the table, with the brief before me. The lamp threw but a dull light on the paper, but I did not care to read any more, and I sat there dimly looking out on the dreamy close and dreamy mass of gothic architecture and dreamy starlit sky.

I thought I felt something move at my feet. Looking down, I saw that one leg of my table was on the carpet, but that the carpet, which was a square one, was loose, and that there was a considerable margin of dark board round it. My chair, too, I noticed, was partly on the boards and partly on the carpet.

Whatever it was that attracted my attention, everything was perfectly still when I looked round, and I slipped into my dreamy mood again as I watched the pointers of the Great Bear just above the cathedral battlements.

Again I felt something at my feet, and looking down, I saw that the side of the carpet was no longer parallel to the side of the room, and that a ruck, or fold, which I had not noticed before stretched diagonally across it from the leg of my table. While I was still looking at the fold, I saw a motion in the carpet nearly in the middle, but somewhat on the side furthest from me.

I looked more attentively. It certainly was something moving, struggling—something round, about the size of a man's head, under the carpet. It rose a little up from the floor, dragging the edges of the carpet more to the middle of the room, moving uneasily, as it was controlled by something underneath it.

Presently it rose a little higher still, and jerked suddenly on one side, as if to make room for another round protuberance of about the same size. Were they really men's heads? Whatever they were, they were grappling, wrestling together under the carpet, and I heard dull knocks and then a dragging sound as the two rose higher from the floor till their heads were as high as the seat of my chair.

Still they wrestled and fought, and came nearer to my side. Presently in a convulsive grapple, which shook the whole room, the edge of the carpet close to my table was lifted up so as to reveal a sort of black cavern underneath it, the edges of the carpet shaking and almost flapping with the violence of the motion.

I could no more move than one can in a horrible nightmare. I watched intently for a glimpse of something within the cavern. I heard a sound as of blows struck, and once, as one of the heads disappeared for a moment, a noise which I can only liken to that of a butcher's cleaver on a carcass.

I fancied—but I feel sure that it was only fancy—I saw one flash of a second a hand flat on the floor, pale and discoloured, almost green, with dark blood streaming down the strained tense fore-arm and wrist, but I can hardly tell how far subsequent remembrance and imagination may have modified what I saw, if indeed, I did see anything.

Soon after this, which seemed to be the crisis of that ghastly death-wreath, I saw only one head moving, and it was moving away from me. I heard the dragging

sound again, and when the head had reached the spot where I first saw it rise, the carpet shuddered—I cannot describe it in any other way. There was a faint twitch, then a sigh, or rather a hiss, and all was still again. The carpet was all in ricks and ripples, but there was no more noise nor movement.

How I get through that night I do not know. I sat in my chair, I know, till daylight, and then, with a sudden desperation, snatched a corner of the carpet, and pulled it to the side of the room. There was nothing to be seen but the brown, almost black, boarding of the floor. The dust, indeed, looked as if something had been dragged over the floor, but I think it was only the carpet itself. There was absolutely no sign of anything out of the common having taken place.

I slept a little later in the morning, but I left the house as soon as I had had breakfast, never to return. I knew why that poor lad was an idiot now, but whether he only saw what I saw, or whether that fearful wrestle was revealed to his eyes, though hidden from mine, probably none will ever know.

"I prefer making no comment on the story," said the Boss. "Let me leave it at that, and go on. That wild boar in the Edda, who gets killed by the sporting gods of Valhalla every day, and starts off again next morning as good as new, is a landable and joyous beast who appreciates the situation and enters into the humour of it; but two persons defunct, name and age unknown, enacting murder every night until further notice under one's lodging-room carpet, ought, in my opinion, to be brought under the notice of the authorities, and, if necessary, suppressed by Act of Parliament. I find it hard to express my sense of the revolting impropriety of their conduct. Sister Sophonisha, will you kindly relate your experience?"

"I am very sorry," said Sophonisha, "but my story is only a one-sided ghost story. It was a real ghost enough for somebody else, but for me it was only a piece of furniture. I think, however, that if ever a sham ghost was justifiable and justified, mine was: This was how it happened:

THE GUARDIAN GHOST.

I live, as you know, alone with my old housekeeper, friend and maid-of-all-work, Rachel, in the last cottage but one away from the sea at Nether Whitting, the only cottage in the neighbourhood where I could find a room that could, by any amount of persuasion, be converted into a studio.

The scene at Nether Whitting, when I first took up my abode there, consisted of two or three consumptive clergymen, a parson, a half-pay colonel, some eight or ten spinster-like myself, very much about the same age as other people, and the annual widow with her three pretty daughters and lost of a son. But a few years later the beauties of Nether Whitting began to be advertised in all the railway stations between London and Dournemouth, and all the world was informed that "this pictureque village" was within easy reach of the latter fashionable winter resort.

The usual disastrous results followed the excursion trains to Dournemouth. A new hotel was built at Nether Whitting, and henceforward it lost its immunity from Philistine invasion. Three new bathing-machines appeared on the beach beside the two old ones, superintended from time immemorial by Mrs. Stark, and the adventurous Arry and Arrist stared at the Atlantic from the new esplanade, with something perhaps of the feelings of the late Mr. Kent on first reading Chapman's Homer.

It was towards the close of the season two years ago. I had been painting all day, and went out when the light began to fail to take my daily constitutional, and make a few house-keeping purchases.

"Have you heard of the robberies, mum, last night?" inquired Mr. Vansley, the grocer and wine-merchant at the corner of the Stileway, or as it was now beginning to be called, Stileway-street—"two houses, mum, I hear, at the top of Dournemouth-street."

On my inquiring any knowledge of the transaction, Mrs. Vansley continued: "Mrs. Birdsell, you know, mum, as lives in the further house, shotells me as she missed the key of the front door when she went to bed; but she didn't think much of it, being as she thought Mrs. Pursey, as she left in the house when she went out, had took it with her, and would bring it back in the morning. But it seems as the thieves had took it, and come in in the night and snatched off everything as they could lay their hands on in the living-room—the shells off the mantelpiece and all—but whether they was disturbed or what, they didn't come upstairs at all, though Mrs. Birdsell, she always sleeps with her door open, and she'd got the gold watch as old Mr. Birdsell had use to carry at her bed's head."

All this and a great deal more Mrs. Vansley recounted to me before I went on to the parsonage, and from thence, a little before ten o'clock, home. When I got in, I looked at the front door lock, and behold, the key was gone.

"Rachel, have you seen the front door key?"

"No, mum, not since this morning." It was clear that my cottage had been singled out by "the thieves" as the scene of their next burgle, and that they had walked off with the key with a view to facilitating operations.

Rachel and I held a council of war. There was no assistance to be had close at hand, and the objections to our going out to any distance, either singly or doubly, were clearly, under the circumstances, insuperable.

A happy thought struck me. In the corner of my studio, carefully hidden from view, was the lay figure I used to use when I painted more portraits than I do in these days. Rachel had often urged me to get rid of it, for she regarded it as something uncanny. I don't think, indeed, that I do her an injustice in saying her feelings towards it was one of religious hatred. She holds decidedly evangelical views, and I believe in her heart of hearts entertains some misgivings as to whether painting in all its branches is not a forbidden pursuit; but at all events, she is quite convinced that to fashion images in the figure of a man is not and cannot come to the seat of my chair.

Still they wrestled and fought, and came nearer to my side. Presently in a convulsive grapple, which shook the whole room, the edge of the carpet close to my table was lifted up so as to reveal a sort of black cavern underneath it, the edges of the carpet shaking and almost flapping with the violence of the motion.

The crisis, however, was too serious to admit of harbouring her prejudices or superstition in relation to my artistic properties, and I said decisively:

"Rachel, we'll get out my lay-figure and set it on the stairs."

Rachel felt that it was not a time to insist on objections.

"Well, mum," she said, "I do believe if anything would frighten 'em that would, but I can't bear even to touch the thing; it do stare so."

In spite of all antipathies and repugnances, however, she helped me to get the thing out of its corner, and I am bound to say that even I felt some little personal dislike to the creature for staring so perseveringly as I dusted its abominable mask of a face. It and its stand, too, were a heavy load for us, and its disguised hinges were

rusty with the sea-air, and squeaked and grated in a most uncalled-for and annoying manner.

We did get it down the first flight of stairs, nevertheless, and set it in position on the landing immediately opposite the front door. As you enter the hall there are six stairs leading up to this landing, and the passage out of which you go into the dining-room on the right, passes by the side of the stairs to the kitchen beyond.

Rachel fetched a sheet, and we arranged the attitude and drapery in a highly artistic style. The arms were raised, and the fingers hooked down like talons ready to clutch. The head was bent forward, and the sheet arranged so as to look like a hood over it, flowing in fine long folds over the figure. I thought of Fuseli's witches in "Macbeth," of Retzsch's demons, of Lievens' "Witch of Endor," and did my best to "combine my information," not altogether without success. We placed my reading-lamp on the top landing of the stairs, out of sight, but so far as to throw a bright light on all the upper part of the front of the figure, and the wretched dummy really looked so gruesome that I felt myself shuddering when I had to brush against it on my way upstairs. As to Rachel, I had the greatest difficulty in getting her past it at all, and if I had not scolded her well she would infallibly have gone off into hysterics.

However, I got her past at last, with the plate-basket containing my very limited display of plate. This, together with Rachel's silver watch and my own, we left on the flight of stairs above our guardian-ghost, arguing that if "the thieves" detected our impudence and came upstairs in spite of it, they would be satisfied with snatching our valuables without murdering us in our beds. My little gold watch, by the way, I hid away under a loose board in the corner of my room, for I thought if worst came to worst, they would hardly suspect me of two watches.

Well, when we had made our preparations, we both went to bed in my room, and I conscientiously declare that I went to sleep almost at once. But poor Rachel found it impossible. Whether she was more scared at the prospect of a burglary in the cottage, or the thought of the figure on the stairs, I do not know, but I rather think the latter. Still, she is a trusty old body, and has plenty of courage, of course, excepting in case of the supernatural intervening.

It was a few minutes past three when I heard her say: "There's steps, mum!" and felt her clutch my arm.

Steps certainly there were, and voices outside, as we sat up in bed with our hearts beating like steam-engines.

Then there was a fumbling and clicking at the lock, and we heard the door gently open.

I suppose they opened it just a little ajar, and listened for a while to hear whether everything was still for further operations. But this theory did not occur to me till afterwards. At the moment, I felt certain that they had come in—were creeping up silently past our guardian, and would immediately present themselves at the door with black masks, dark lanterns, revolvers, and all the other horrors of their profession.

Suddenly there was a resounding "Yah-h!" then a momentary pause, then another "Yah-h!" in a lower and gruffer tone, and an unmistakable stamping of heavy-booted male creatures—three, I think—outside. We heard the footsteps scuttling first over the bit of brick pavement, then down the gravel walk and through the gate, till they grew faint and slower, in the street, and finally died away along the road towards Dournemouth.

"Now's the time, Rachel, before they come back!" and both of us jumped out of bed. I put on my dressing-gown in a second—Rachel had not undressed—and down we went, I stumbling over the plate-basket, and only saving myself by clutching at our guardian's shoulder.

There was the key, sure enough, on the outside of the lock. I did not wait to look out, but took it out, slammed the door to, and locked it in the inside almost in a breath.

If we had only known, there need have been no hurry. We watched and waited almost till daylight, but no foot-steps came our way. As for our guardian, we pulled his arms down, and pushed him up in the corner of the landing, with the sheet over him, for the night, and consigned him to his old seclusion the next morning, when we had the cottage put into the state of defence so necessary in "pictureque villages" advertised as being within easy reach of a fashionable watering-place.

"Yes," remarked the Boss: "the ghost under the circumstances was not only justified—it was a stroke of genius. As has been remarked in another connection, we have not yet exhausted the resources of civilisation in the suppression of crime. Brother Recorder, will you relate the Old Admiral's story?"

"It is some thirty years since I heard it from the lips of the Old Admiral," said Brother Recorder: "but I wrote it down the evening I heard it, and my version is, I believe, an accurate reproduction."

STAND FROM UNDER.

It was at the close of the American War—I rather think latish in '83—at all events, we had just given up New York, which a few old folks still called New Amsterdam, to the Yankees, and nobody cared to talk much about the business on Brooklyn Heights a few years before. Well, his Majesty's ship, Medusa, Captain David Pritchard, was in New York Harbour, just weighing anchor for England. It was towards ten o'clock at night, and there was an ugly storm brewing. The captain hadn't come on board yet, having gone to supper with a friend of his, one Duncannon, who had a little place at Brooklyn, about a furlong or so from the water's edge, on East River or Long Island Sound. Presently he came on board in his gig which had been waiting for him all the afternoon and evening, very drunk, and as he always was when he was overseen in his liquor, in a devil of a rage. But, whether it was he was a Welshman, or whatever it was I don't know, there was this odd thing about Pritchard. He drank like a fish, and would get as drunk as an owl, but he could always walk fairly straight, and always talk without stammering. It was only by the colour of his face, which used to go a sort of grape purple, and the style in which he swore at everybody and everything near him, that you knew he was drunk. Even when he was mad drunk, as I've seen him more than once or twice, he never drizzled nor staggered about. It was just real lunacy for the time, and he was about as cunning and dangerous a lunatic as ever I came across, either in or out of an asylum. Well, on board he came, and all hands were hauling away at the anchor for the dear life in a moment, while he stood by, stamping and swearing like a maniac. Just as the anchor was lashed and they began to drop down the Sound, the storm broke. I don't think Pritchard was frightened—he never was that I heard of—but he couldn't stand anything that made more noise than himself when he was drunk, and the lightning and thunder really put him almost beside himself. He swore at them till he was fairly exhausted, and then he turned into his own cabin, and I suppose went quietly to sleep. Just upon eight bells the tempest had abated a bit, and the first lieutenant—*Bye* his name was James Bryce, as good a fellow as ever trod on shoe leather—was walking the deck. As he

came past the man must he heard a voice up aloft sing out

"Stand from under!"

He looked up, but could see nothing, and thinking it might be his own fancy went on walking. When he passed past a second time, he heard again, more distinctly than before,

"Stand from under!"

Again he looked up, but could see nothing in the darkness aloft. However, he was quite certain this time it was not his fancy, and he sent a man up to see who it was, thinking it must be one of the middies lurking in the cradle. Up goes the man to the mast-head

"All clear, sir! Nobody here!"

"What's that by your starboard fin? It looks like head," shouted up the lieutenant.

"This, sir, only the block, sir. There is not the ghost of a soul up here, sir!" Just then there came another flash of lightning, and a tremendous roll of thunder, and the lieutenant could see for himself that there was nobody aloft except the man he had sent down the man, and Bryce resumed his walk "Daedus rung thing," he said to himself. "I could have sworn I heard it."

Just as he passed the mainmast a third time, he heard the voice roar out again, as if through a speaking trumpet,

"Stand from under!"

Bryce was a thoroughly good-tempered fellow as ever lived, but this was a little too much for his patience. He told me, just for the moment, he never felt in such a devil of a rage in all his life.

"Let go!" he bellowed out at the very top of his voice, and almost before the words were well out of his mouth, with a solid sort of a smack and a heavy thump, something dropped bump down on the deck at his

ased by a devil, and mightily wrath was she that the Bebworth clergy declined to lay it in the Red Sea with all, book, and candle. And as to ghosts proper, why, there was one regularly night after night in the Cow pasture; there was a fitful and intermittent one in the Old Ark; there was one on the footpath to Easton; and no less than five had been seen at once in Cox's-alley.

But the ghost of the end of July, 1847, was the ghost of old Mrs. Straight, the "old Madam," as she was always called, wife of the former Rector.

A solid, handsome, square two-storyed brick mansion, with ashlar facing, was the old Rectory, built, so it was said, as well as the Hell close by, by Inigo Jones. Any way, it was a fine old place, with a level lawn in front, and in the middle of the lawn was a huge holm-oak—a striking feature in the view of the Rectory, Hall, and church from the Park, from which the lawn was only divided by a sunken fence. Between the lawn and the factory was a broad gravel drive or terrace, along which to and fro the departed Mrs. Straight had for many years been wont to take her daily constitutional. She generally wore a black satin cloak with fur trimmings, a large fur tip-top, and a vast silk coal-scuttle bonnet, exchanged in bad weather for a calash like the head of a phaeton.

Two preposterously fat little dogs always accompanied her. Tibby, the elder and fatter of the two, was a straight-haired, white and dark liver-coloured terrier with a dash of pug. Salt was a white broken-haired terrier which, if he had been the property of a less exalted personage, I might perhaps have described as a mongrel.

Well, the old lady and her pets had long enough doctored their life when it was decided to demolish the old Rectory and build a new one on White's bowling-green, a furlong or so farther away from the church. As soon, however, as the work of demolition was well commenced, it began to be reported through the town that the "old Madam" had returned to her old haunts. I cannot, of course, conjecture whether she may have wandered in the interval which had elapsed since her lamented demise, but whatever it was it would seem

"admitted to an equal sky."

Her faithful dogs had borne her company, for Nat Oldsares, the tinsman, coming home from his allotment garden by the side of the Cow pasture, and passing in front of the old Rectory, had distinctly seen her in her habit as she lived, with the two dogs waddling trave and ghostly and fat behind her. Will Collett, too, the lath-render, who used to work at the old Malt Mill, had seen her "about dusk-hour" on the same evening and corroborated Oldsares's account.

"I don't so much wonder at th' old Madam comin' back," said Will, "it was only natural like, when they was-a pullin' th' old Rectory down; but I don't like them dogs! I never heard no good o' dogs a-comin' back."

The end of July was, for me in those days, the end of the summer holidays, for the happy thought had then as yet not occurred to the British schoolmaster of dividing the year into three halves instead of two and sacking the difference. I felt that if I were destined to distinguish myself in the supernatural line at Bebworth, it must be now or never.

Under the influence of this inspiring reflection, I purchased at Collier's, the shop of the town, opposite the Bigsby Arms, a length of stout whipecord and a large ball of string. I borrowed the key of the church from the clock, which in those days, when I was often sketching inside the church for days together, I could do without exciting suspicion, and marched up to the church.

I locked the door on the inside and mounted the spiral staircase up the tower. I passed the belfry chamber, where the works of the old clock stood—it had but one hand, the hour hand—and the five bell-ropes hanging with their worsted guards; up, past the empty room above, to the bell-chamber itself. Here I scrambled in among the wheels and framework of huge oak beams to the big bell, and contrived to get my head and shoulders underneath it. I tied one end of my whipecord securely round the nozzle at the end of the clapper, just under the bulging part of it that strikes the bell; I greased the whipecord well with a bit of tallow candle I had brought with me; extricated myself and went to the bell-chamber window on the north side nearest the big bell.

I next tied a stone I had also brought with me to the end of my ball of string and let it quietly down out of the window. When it touched the ground, I cut the string and tied the end on to my well-greased whipecord, and after testing my apparatus came out of the church and took the key back to the clerk, who, by the way, was under-master in the "lower school" at Bebworth, and a gravestone-cutter when not otherwise engaged. The key, too, was a pluralist. The tube extended all the way to the handle, near which a touch-hole had been bored, so that it could be employed either as a key or a miniature cannon.

As I was meditatively strolling up towards the Park, I met Jack Leigh, the doctor's son. Jack and I wore the *Pyjades* and *Orestes* of the school, and I wanted help.

"Jack, are you game for a ghost?"

"No," says Jack. "I don't want a charge of dust shot in my legs, and Arthur Baker swears he'll pepper the next ghost he claps eyes on."

"Ah, but I don't mean any of your sheet and turnip-lantern rubbish! I mean a real jolly good new ghost that'll blue-funk Arthur Baker and old Boots himself, for that matter."

"Well, what is it? I'm game!"

I told him the little arrangement I had entered into with the big bell, and asked what he could suggest further.

"We must work the dogs in, somehow. Old Will Collett makes a point of the dogs."

Now it happened that Abel at the Bigsby Arms had a pretty daughter, and the pretty daughter had a pretty little black and tan toy-terrier.

"Let's go to the Bigsby and prig Mitty Abel's Vinegar."

"Wrong colour!"

"Bosh! Little dogs should be heard and not seen in delicate cases of this kind."

To the Bigsby Arms accordingly we went, and while I engaged the attention of Mrs. Abel and Mitty—Abel himself being busy in the inn yard—Jack contrived to seduce Vinegar with a biscuit, and carry her off under his jacket unperceived.

At "dusk-hour" that evening, Jack carried a short ladder—Dr. Leigh's house was close by the church—and I carried Vinegar, safely stowed away in a square hamper, from the surgery to the old Rectory. The whole of the top storey was already pulled down, with the exception of the great principal chimney. We planted the ladder against the wall, heaved Vinegar up in her hamper, and deposited her safely in the black gap in the chimney which had once been the fireplace of the best bedroom. We hid the ladder in the shrubbery, and went innocently into Dr. Leigh's for supper.

At ten o'clock I wished everybody good-night. It was warm and fine, but very dark, and I felt just a little bit creepy myself as I stumbled over the graves in the churchyard to find my stone and string. I found them, however, without difficulty, and, tying another length to the end, I came with the string in my hand to a point in

the churchyard fence where I could manage to scramble up on to a bough of one of the elms which formed an avenue along which the road went up to the Hall.

I found getting into my perch with the string in my hand no easy matter, but I did get into it, and waited patiently till I saw all the lights out in Dr. Leigh's house, except the one in Jack's bedroom.

Then I began to operate. As I pulled and slackened the string, I could feel the clapper swaying to and fro with a wider and wider oscillation, but strike the bell it wouldn't. At last, when I was almost despairing of the efficacy of my apparatus, I heard a faint muffled

Bom—m—m!

and presently I established a fairly regular knell.

I had hardly tolled three times before a light was struck in the cottage belonging to Silver, the gardener at the Hall, just across the road from Dr. Leigh's. Then I saw his door open, and his figure in trousers and shirt sleeves dark against the light.

Presently I heard a step moving up the road to the Church, and Will Collett's voice:

"Why, Mr. Silver, whoever's the bell a-noanin' for at this time o' night?"

Then I heard Ben Belton, the sexton:

"Come along to the church wi' me, an' see who 'tis. All three came up to the church. Ben had the key of the tower in his pocket, and they disappeared inside. A light was struck in the belfry, and ten seconds later Silver and Collett again emerged.

The bell had been tolling all the while in a muffled and impressive, if rather uncertain and paralytic manner, but at this point, as ill-luck would have it, my well-greased whipecord gave way at the bell-chamber window, and with a final dying

Bom—in—m!

the big bell relapsed into silence.

I wound up the string, slipped quietly down the tree, and skirting round by Dr. Leigh's garden, came briskly walking up the road towards the church, as if I had just left our own house. By this time there were some twelve or fourteen scared fathers of the town standing at the churchyard gate, all talking at once.

"What the deuce is the meaning of all this?" I asked in an important voice as I could command, with a fine touch of the indignation natural to a young gentleman roused from his peaceful slumbers at such an unseasonable hour of the night: "Who's been playing this precious prank?"

"Ain't you may well ax," answered Belton, the sexton.

"Never see a such a thing in all my boudays! We went up to the belfry, an' there wur the ropes all a-hangin', as still as still, as if not a soul had never touched 'em. An' Mr. Silver and Mr. Collett, they went out again, for they couldn't a-bear to see them ropes a-doin' nothin' and the bell a-goin' en noanin' all the time. But I thought I'd just go up an' hev' a look at the bells mysen', an' I went up, and there was the big bell and all the rest on 'em as still as still, an' just as I was a lookin' it goin' another noise, and I dursn't look no longer, and I come down as if the Old 'un had kicked me, a deal quicker nor what I went up, I can tell ye."

"Well," says I, "Ben, you'll never die for want of pluck, but what do you think the meaning of it all can be?" Has anybody seen Mrs. Straight walking again any of these nights lately?"

"Why, Muster Collett here, he see the old Madam, an' the dogs an' all, one night—last Wednesday wur a week, warn't it, Muster Collett."

"It were," responded Collett, "I see them dogs last Wednesday wur a week, as plain as ever I see 'em when they was alive, an' th' old Madam an' all."

"Very queer," said I, "and what's that?" There was not the slightest doubt what it was. It was Vinegar howling in her hamper in the chimney.

"Why, it's them dogs again!" ejaculated old Collett, "I allays said as never no good 'ud come o' them dogs coming back a-th'sens."

The whole posse moved on through the churchyard to the old Rectory, and Vinegar, hearing footsteps, anticipated immediate rescue, judiciously held her peace.

A deep silence fell upon us as we waited there for the next manifestation of the supernatural, silence which Vinegar soon found of evil omen and intolerable, for she lifted up her voice again, and howled more pitifully than ever. There was a unanimous "Ah-h!" and everybody felt that everybody shuddered.

"Drat this cursed nonsense!" shouted a big voice, just as everybody began to find their tongues again.

"Fetch a ladder, and I'll soon stop it all! A pack of mincemeats!"

It was Mr. Rutland, the butler at the Hall, a big, cheery man, and sceptical within, for more than one ghost had been set walking in the Cow pasture at his own instigation, and for his own not-over moral purposes.

There was a long ladder lying among the *ob-obj*s of the old house, which Jack and I had found too cumbersome for our purpose, but it was soon got into position by Belton and one or two helpers, and Mr. Rutland mounted.

I followed close behind, and Jack, who had joined us, followed me.

"Rutland!" said I, quietly.

"Yes, sir?"

The big man answered as quietly as I had spoken to him, for he was conscious of former half-crowns.

"You can't see anything?"

"All right, sir!"

Mr. Rutland marched ostentatiously across the floor down to which the walls had been demolished, and looked up the chimney.

"Nothing here at all! I tell you what it is. I don't like this!" and with that, he scuttled back to the ladder.

Jack, meanwhile, hid himself behind the chimney out of sight of the assembly, speaking quietly to Vinegar, for fear she should begin to howl again when she heard her chance of rescue retreating into the distance.

"How about Master John, sir?" whispered Rutland.

"All right; I'll see to him presently. Let's get the ladder away."

Down came Mr. Rutland as fast as his size would permit, and I close behind him.

"Take away the ladder, men! We can't have folks clambering about the place at night. Take and drop it over the sunk fence there. I don't like the looks o' the business. I'm off!"

Mr. Rutland accordingly disappeared towards the Hall, and I improved the occasion by adding:

"I don't see what good any of us can do by staying. We'd better all go home and go to bed, and get up better men, let us hope, in the morning."

The sentiment appeared to meet the views of the little assembly, already considerably diminished, and I walked off down the street with Ben Belton, whose cottage lay on my way home. I wished him good night at his door, and walked on, strolling quietly up the marketplace and out of the town into the park, and thence back to the old Rectory, where I soon got our short ladder out of the shrubbery, and released Jack and Vinegar.

Very early the next morning I again borrowed the key from the clerk, having heard the tolling the night before, and being of course anxious to be quite convinced that the sound was not produced by natural causes. I cut the bit of whipecord off the end of the clapper, rubbed over the marks made by the friction both on the bell and the window-sill, and clearly established the fact

that the bell had tolled without any human intervention.

A little later I sauntered down to the old Malt Mill to talk the matter over with Will Collett.

"Ah!" said Will, "but you didn't see the worst on it. I wur just a comin' down by this corner here after you'd all gone home, an' I turned to look back at the church like, and there was the old Rector himself. I see him as plain as ever I see you this minute, and he lift up his hands an' he says: 'Woe to Bebworth! Woe to Bebworth! Woe to Bebworth!' three times, just like that, and then he seemed to fall to pieces, like, and I see nothing of him no more. An' then I heard a laffin'. Nothin' 'ull live make me believe but what that was the devils a-laffin' over what's a goin' to come."

I remembered as he spoke that when Jack and I came away at last, I had stood for a moment or two in the road just at the point where Will Collett asserted that he had seen the departed Rector, opposite the surgery door, and that we both went into the surgery a minute or two to laugh before I went on home. But that "Woe to Bebworth!" was a stroke of old Collett's own fine imagination.

"Brother Glass-painter," said the Boss, "you're a swindle."

"Quite the reverse, Boss," replied Brother Glass-painter. "There's no swindle about it. The story's as true as the truest ghost-story ever told!"

"Possibly. But I repeat, Brother, you're a swindle. Your tale may afford a chuckle to the sceptic and the scoffer, but it can never raise a square inch of goose-skin on the flesh of a true believer. Brother Paracelsus, will you continue?"

The Mystic thus appealed to began to apologise, but the apology was promptly suppressed, and he proceeded with:

LADY MARVYN'S GHOST.

Newby Court was the Manor House of Newby, which may perhaps have been a new village when the Danes settled in the Midlands along the Wreke, but which, when I knew it, was the type of an old-world hamlet within the district once governed by the Five Burghs.

The Court itself was a many-gabled half-timbered mansion, the framework of which belonged to the days of the Wars of the Roses. The principal front looked over a terrace walk with a sunk fence to a paddock which sloped down to the Wreke, on the other side of which stretched a long tract of undulating wolds. There were two wings, the left-hand one considerably larger than the other, both with overhanging gables, in one of which was a white and in the other a red rose. Between the two projecting wings was a barbaric modern glass portico, filling the whole of the lower space between them, and from the portico a flight of stone steps of equal width with the portico descended to the terrace, the lowest step just reaching on the right to the outer side of the narrower wing.

The front door, which was modern, with a brutal plaster Tudor rose stuck over its square top with Roman mouldings, was approached through the portico, and opened into a huge oak-panelled hall with a Turkey carpet, on which was a large oak table. The walls were hung with skins of wild beasts, and an enormous tiger-skin formed the rug in front of the fire-place, which was on the right hand as you went in. The chimney-piece was partly old oak, with a male mythological terminal figure as supporter on the left, and a female on the right. The celebrated architect, however, who had bequeathed the old place to Sir Randal Rufford, M.P., some eight or nine years before I saw it, had contrived to make the venerable oak deities support a broad entablature of white marble, instead of the narrow oak mantelshelf under which they had originally commenced existence, and on this marble expanse stood a classical French clock in the middle, and a number of glass cases with stuffed birds at the sides.

On the left of the hall were the stairs, with magnificent oak bannisters, and the landing formed a sort of gallery running the whole width of the hall opposite the front door. Both to right and left the gallery was continued as a passage, out of which a number of doors opened on each side.

Such was the house in which I found myself when I went home for the Easter holidays with my schoolfellow Randal and Dick Rufford. Randal was just thirteen, a litte older than I was, and Dick a little younger.

The parlour household, so far as I knew, consisted only of Sir Randal and Lady Rufford, a daughter, Muriel, the eldest of their family, and ourselves. On the Saturday before Easter two nephews appeared at breakfast, having been driven over from Askaby, about eight miles off, in order to go fishing with us. The day, however, was far too boisterous and stormy for any outdoor amusement, and after waiting and watching at the windows till all hope was lost, we decided to play at hide-and-seek till early dinner-time, and old Pomfret, the butler, major-domo, groom of the chamber, confidential superintendent-general, was told off to see that we did not get into mischief.

We had played for some time, when it came to my turn to hide. The rest waited, and made believe to hear and see nothing in the hall, while I went rambling to find a hiding-place. The house was only two storeys high in the front, though it was three at the back, but there was a step-ladder which led up through an open trap-door to a curiously intricate labyrinth of little passages and chambers among the rafters in the gables above the inhabited part of the house. One of these passages was lighted by a skylight, and out of it were several little doors into which one could only enter on hands and knees.

Into one of these I crawled, and was feeling my way to go into one of the further corners, when I heard Pomfret coming, panting and panting after me, calling out my name, and before I could come out, he had crawled in through the little door after me, and clutched hold of my leg.

"Stop, sir, stop!

minded that it was our bed-time, though the gentlemen had not yet made their appearance.

I did not wash my forehead that night, for the seal of knighthood was a holy thing.

I never saw her again. When I went next to Newby Court at Michaelmas she was dead and buried, and I was in truth the Knight of a Ghost. It is forty years next Easter since that kiss was given. A hundred and fifty trains a day whirl over the spot where once was Newby Court, and of those who gathered there that spring-tide, only two are left among living men.

"Brother Paracelsus," commented the Boss, "you have left your story unfinished. Why not have told us that for forty years in the battle of life you have felt the inspiration of that kiss—been encouraged by its remembrance to faith in all things high, and, it may be, reproached by its remembrance when your foot has given ground to the foe? After all, the only two people in the world much worth knowing are the woman who can enoble and the man who can be ennobled by a kiss. But to go back to your story, I have myself heard the footstep on the terrace at Newby Court. I have stood there with two friends, and heard the steps distinctly come past us. The sound was not so loud on the gravel as our own, but it was heavy for a ghost. When we went on to the grass-plat and did not hear our own foot-fall, the effect was exactly that of somebody taking a leisurely constitutional. But this is a mere normal old-fashioned manifestation. Brother Mercator, we want something novel as well as supernatural."

Brother Mercator looked meditative. Presently he said, "Well, there is no ghost in it—at least that I know of—but it is none the worse for that."

A COMMUNICATION TO THE PRESS.

I was engaged in collecting logwood in Central America in a place where mail-day was a tremendous event. One morning there was a report in everybody's mouth that a great revolution had taken place in France the day before. Such a report naturally created no small stir, and a mighty fuss was made about it in the semi-weekly paper, which was the only representative of the Press.

Nobody believed the story, and when the mail arrived bringing the news that everything was "all serene" in France, it was dismissed as an unadulterated fib.

In due time, however, the mail arrived with the news of the Coup d'Etat of Dec. 2, 1852, and lo! the report we had scouted was correct to the day.

"Is that what would be called an 'inspired communication?'" asked the Boss. "Why does not the Special Correspondent of the *Daily News* obtain the secret of transmitting intelligence in the same manner? It would save him at least from having his messengers cut to pieces at Tauris, and himself from the annoyance of having his letters first torn into scraps, and then returned to him in a neatly-folded parcel. Fair Sister Journalist, the canons of the Guild require that you should close as you commenced our sitting."

The Fair Journalist thereupon related:—

THE HAUNTING FOOTSTEP.

In the last generation, when duelling was far from extinct in the army, two officers, whom, for convenience sake, I will call Colonel Purefoy and Captain Lincoln, though these were not their real names, which I have not authority to publish, were old and intimate friends.

They were in the same regiment, and no doubt expected to draw their friendship all the closer when Captain Lincoln's wife's sister became the wife of Colonel Purefoy.

Unfortunately, however, the very opposite took place.

The two ladies disagreed; I believe the

special cause of offence was that the elder sister, married to the Captain, objected to yield precedence to the younger, who was the Colonel's lady.

Whatever the cause of the quarrel was, it grew, and naturally the husbands found themselves involved in it.

In the end, Colonel Purefoy challenged his old friend, and the latter had not the courage to defy the code of honour of the day.

The duel took place, and the challenger fell, mortally wounded.

Poor Captain Lincoln, who might be called a murderer in spite of himself, made no effort to escape justice, and was duly tried and convicted.

It appeared from the evidence that the provocation had been all on the other side, and that his real crime had been a want of moral courage which probably most of his judges would not in their hearts.

The result was that—either by

remission of the sentence, or by commutation of the

penalty—he actually endured only three years' imprisonment, which passed without any unusual event.

At their end, he came out of prison a free man, having in the eye of

human justice expiated his offence. He went home; but

as he entered his own door, he heard a footstep behind him. He looked round, there was no one; he moved on;

he step followed—a human step, a man's step, a lame step, the step of Colonel Purefoy. The dead man had

been lame by a wound, so that his tread was quite

peculiar and recognisable by the sound, and it was the sound of his tread which now followed home the man

who had killed him.

Thenceforward it haunted him with a frightful persistency, and yet in an intermittent way which kept him in all the horrors of expectation. He would be free and at ease and walking with some friend, when the invisible foot would join them, and crunch the gravel behind them, until his friend's nerve gave way, and he took save in haste. When he was out, it would not always catch him, but the servants would hear it go up the stairs to his room, and there walk, walk, up and down, waiting for him to come back to it. And no servant could stay to serve him. At night it would pace beside his bed, until his wife's terror overcame her, and she, too, fled from the haunted man. Only one human creature remained faithful to him, and that was his daughter. She bore with the horror, and clung to him; and her rare presence seemed to have some slight power to aid it off, for he could sleep in her arms, though nowhere else. Then only the ghostly step did not hang about to break his rest. Flesh and blood could not stand it long, and in about two years he died, worn out by sleeplessness, nervous suffering, and mental agony.

This story was told me by the son of a friend of Captain Lincoln, who had himself heard the step follow as they walked together.

Said the Boss: "But have not I somewhere heard that it was a wooden leg—a genuine 'tree-pit'—which the unhappy duellist heard continually stamp, stamping after him? A wooden leg, no doubt, is a difficult piece of property to deal with in a ghost story, alike on physical and metaphysical grounds, but the Supernatural, like Happiness, is born a twin, and its twin-brother is the Grotesque. But our sitting is concluded. May we all meet again on December 21, 1882, after

CLIPPINGS FROM THE COMICS.

(From *Punch*.)

"MERRY CHRISTMAS."

Romance.

Hail! season of peace and of plenty.
Plum-puddings and pantomimes rare!
When my landlord forgets all the rent he
Has sworn he will sue for—the bear!
Gay orgies of beef and snap-dragon,
Of crackers, and mottoes, and cake,
When the baron is roasted—the fagot
Is emptied for somebody's sake.

Reality.

Out on this gorging time of beef and turkey,
Of silly customs and of doctors' bills,
When all the world, without, is cold and murky,
And every home is full of pains and ills!

Romance.

Fill high the love-bowl with good wassail!
Let us drink to old customs, begat
When every man's home was his castle,
Be it town-house, or cottage, or flat.
Ring out the glad bells from each steple!
Clasp hands and pledge hearts for a year!
Send a Christmas-card, sure to "your people,"
With robins' mid snow and good cheer!

Reality.

Will you forgive each stricken sister-sinner?
If not, call not this time by empty names!
What will you give the poor for Christmas dinner?—
They have no smoking feasts nor yule-log's flames!

TRIO OF PRINCES.

Sung by the Royal Albany-Edinburgh-Christian Combination Minstrels.

We are Three Musical Boys,
Edinburgh, Christian, and Albance,
Music each one of us enjoys.

We sing, play, and lecture in the North Countree.
With a little glee here,
And a little glee there,
Here a glee and there a glee,
And everywhere a glee.

We are Three Musical Boys,
Who sing, play, and lecture in the North Countree.

IRELAND'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

(A Wish and a Suggestion.)

Would Ireland at her outer door
Just hang up her Christmas stocking, O!
John Bull with good will that stocking would fill,
And he'd quietly leave without knocking, O!

For good he'd do that country, though
It troubles so sudden and fret him, O!
His help he would give, saying "Live and let live!"
If only some "Parties" would let him, O!

"Defence of Property Fund!"—that name
To generous hearts is shocking, O!
But call it the "Mansion House Fund"—that same
John Bull will drop into her stocking, O!

SIR JOHN HOLKER, Q.C., M.P.

"Jack with my Familiars, John with my Brothers and
Sisters, and Sir John with all Europe."

Second Part of King Henry the Fourth, Act II., Sc. 2.

(Our Version.)

"Good Sir John, how like you —?"

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V., Sc. 5.

Police setting betting-traps are guilty of "siding and abetting." Beware of the "Police Trap"—Black Maria.—(Signed) E. H.

The recent case of "Denman v. Cripps" goes to show that our schools have not so very much improved since the days of Dotheboys Hall. As to the School Board, the members of the committee, both ladies and gentlemen, seem to be slinging mud at one another, and making "another jolly row down stairs." But in the meantime that is being done for the unhappy boys and girls? Where's the Seldom-at-Home Soc., who sits up aloft to keep watch for the life of poor Joe in the Industrial School?

Commissions sore

Long time he bore,

And School Boards were in wain,

Till the Home Soc.

He came direct

To ease him of his pain.

SCHOOL-BOARD PROGRESS.

Before proceeding to the business of the day, a lady member, Mrs. Busybody, said she wished to call attention to the New Education Code. Mrs. Bluebody said she was clearly out of order, and appealed to the chairman.

Mrs. Busybody (warmly).—I am quite aware, Mr. Chairman, that I am not strictly in order, but I think I am justified by the importance of the subject—

Mrs. Bluebody (interrupting).—I must again appeal to the chairman. I protest against this most irregular proceeding. There is enough business in to-day's paper to occupy us for a week, and I don't see much chance of any progress being made to-day if Mrs. Busybody is allowed to enter upon matters that are not before the Board.

Mr. Member.—I should wish to make one observation—

(Cries of "Order! Order!") Uproar.

Mrs. Bluebody (violently).—I say that Mrs. Busybody is out of order, and it is not the first time. I again appeal to the chair.

Chairman (loudly and angrily).—If you appeal to me, I must say that you yourself are out of order. Any remark on the general conduct of a member of the Board is irregular, and I must request you to withdraw it.

(Cries of "Withdraw, withdraw!")

Mrs. Bluebody.—Well, I will withdraw it, although it happens to be true.

Mr. Member.—This is not a withdrawal, but an aggravation.

Everybody (jumping up at once and shouting).—Mr. Chairman, I protest—

(At this point, thinking it might become an affair of inquisitions and umbrellas, our reporter left quietly, with the best hat he could find. Deinde still continuing.

"YOUTH WILL HAVE ITS FLING."—It is said the Drury Lane Theatre committee are so pleased with their present leases that they are about to erect his statue in the vestibule. The legend carved on its pedestal will be "Pro Hoc Vice" or "jocis".

(From *Fun*.)

A RHYME FOR THE TIME.

"Christmas comes but once a year"—

That pleases supposed to be a softer;

But since it costs one precious dear,

One's precious glad it don't come oftener.

The Force of Habit.—A young barrister of good practice who lately took a rule—we mean a wife—lodged a notice of a peal, the day before his wedding, at the parish church belfry.

"IMPI"—our Work.—Fighting Zululand.

The Worst of Thieves.—It requires a heart of flint to break open the lock of a church intent to steal and rifle an almshouse of its contents. Some miscreants have been doing this sort of thing about the country lately. What a pity that the old army cats, which must be pining for a good scratch, can't be used on the backs of these rascals!

MILITARY.—Nothing annoys a raw recruit so much as to call him one; it adds insult to injury, you know, to call him raw when he is smirking under the feeling that he has been "done brown" by the seductive recruiting sergeant.

"AT A SHAMBLES!"—A drayman at Plymouth has been found drowned in a vat of beer at the brewery where he was employed, and it is supposed that he committed suicide. We think this is decidedly uncharitable, because it is perfectly possible for the man to have stumbled in. There are very few men who do not "tumble" to a drop of beer, and thousands of them fall very low through an over-fondness of malt liquor.

(From *Judy*.)

AND YOU WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT ONE WAS TAME ENOUGH!—Manager (calling to prompter): Blest if I can help it. Here, the Hind Let's have another down with his pal, and now they're a-swinging it out on the stage!

Inscrutable indulgence. Irreligious irreverence irritates. Contumacious conduct. Impudent impudence. Impenitent.

(From *Moonshine*.)

We end the year as we began it, with Ireland to the

fore. Mr. Forster took over a "Message of Peace;" but the peace was not big enough to cover the rents.

Miss Braddon abridged the "Waverley Novels," and

Captain Moonlight abridged the "Tales of my Landlord."

Parliament opened in January, and the Parochial were

so incessantly upon their legs that before a month had

passed all the House spoke with a brogue. The Prime

Minister himself was called to order by Mrs. Besant for

carelessly letting fall the expression: Be-dad!

Mr. Bradlaugh made frantic efforts to be allowed "to

sit." He has been quieted for the present with a "duck's

egg."

Poisoning became an every-day matter. The coroners left it to the jury, the jury left it to the police, the police left it to the public prosecutor, and the public prosecutor left it to the Home Secretary, where the interest ceased.

Under these circumstances, the improper employment of

vermin destroyer grew so common that when people met

in the street they asked one another "Who's yer Rat-

ter?"

Fair Trade and Free Trade have been at loggerheads,

and the battle is not yet ended. Messrs. Bright and

Chamberlain have talked loudly about the cheap loaf,

but while they have been talking "bread's riz."

THE WAITS.

My uncle plays the fiddle.

My aunt she plays the lute,

My cousin plays the tambourine,

OMNIBUS.

The *World* informs me that "the human machine, known as a leader-writer, is bound to produce on Christmas morning a discourse appropriate to the season," and avers that everybody knows it. But how, when Christmas morning falls, as it does this year, on a Sunday? The generalisation is, obviously, a trifle too broad.

But the writer is correct enough in his classification of Christmas leaders under the headings of cynical or sentimental. Speaking for myself, I do not know whether I am more mortally sick of the Gusher or the Growler.

Talking of gushers, it is hardly correct to describe Mr. J. M. Levy as a "theatrical bill-printer" at the time he first became connected with the *Daily Telegraph*, as Mr. Hatton does in his "Journalistic London."

Nor was he at that time nor any other the proprietor of the weekly paper which Mr. Hatton says is "at the present day a thriving and prosperous journal." He was merely a member of the firm which printed it, and Mr. E. Levy Lawson supplied it with provincial theatrical intelligence.

Then we are told that "Mr. Moncure D. Conway has succeeded Barnet." Well, so he has, but not without long interregnum, during which the proprietor retained the editorship in his own hands.

Mr. Levy's office was not the only printing establishment at which Colonel Sleath ran up a printing bill. The first printers of the *D. T.* were Messrs. Aird and Tunstall, who seized the type-formes for arrears due to them for printing the first numbers.

One more newspaper note, and I have done. Mr. Hatton surely does not seriously mean to tell us that Dr. W. H. Russell left the *Times* and joined the *Telegraph* at the outbreak of the Zulu war? Mr. Hatton, I know, will not take amiss these few corrections of his very interesting paper in "Harper."

Dr. Haines, an American physician, calls attention to the danger of reading books from circulating libraries. His colleagues in Missouri agree with him that the greatest number of fresh cases during an epidemic of spotted typhus fever were among subscribers to lending libraries.

In an epidemic of small-pox at Little Rock, he also observed the same fact, and came to the conclusion that there is no better way of spreading infection than by passing books round from hand to hand among some hundreds of people who know nothing about each other.

Minos and Rhadamanthus preside at other courts besides our own in election matters. A tailor at Regensburg has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and loss of civil rights for five years, for personating another voter at an election.

An immense fossil skeleton of apparently an unknown extinct mammal, has lately been found at Algesiras, near Gibraltar. It is reported to belong to the same genus as the mammoth, which inhabited the whole European and Asiatic continent, down to what geology considers a very late, but archaeology a very early, period.

I have received a letter from a working man, complaining that the baker annexes all the dripping from the joints sent to him to be baked on Sunday mornings. Some of the master-bakers, it seems, make a rule of abstracting the fat from all the Sunday platters, and using it themselves for making cakes.

My correspondent thinks it high time that the practice should be put a stop to. So do I. If, as he remarks, a penny loaf were stolen from the baker, the baker would at once be down on the miserable sinner. But when the sleek master-baker steals the miserable sinner's pennyworth or more of suet or dripping, the injured one is not in a position to return the compliment.

Mrs. Langtry, I hear, has decided to join the Haymarket Company. That she has the makings of a capital actress I have no doubt, but I do not suppose that she is attracted to the stage by any specially artistic impulse. And, short of that passion for acting which some few of the birthright aristocrats have found uncontrollable I am prejudiced enough not to like the notion of the Jersey lily, the daughter of a dean, on the boards as a professional. It seems to me, as an omnibus driver—stooping rather too low to conquer.

Agricultural distress in Manitoba, according to the Marquis of Lorne, takes a somewhat unexpected form, but is none the less severe. The farmers' want wives. Surely this is a truism which the mother-country can easily remedy. There is no prohibitive duty levied on eligible young women, but, as a resident points out, fine young ladies who know nothing of farm house-keeping are not eligible.

Mr. John Dunn asserts that the release of Cetewayo would be a breach of good faith with himself. The country was given to him by the Government on certain conditions, which he has observed, and he expects the Government to observe them also. This is all very well, but how about the breach of faith with the loyal Basutos—with the royal Transvaalers—with the loyal Irishmen?

Two blacks—one from Basutoland, say, and the other from the Transvaal—do not make a white—say John Dunn himself, but I own that a breach of what Mr. John Dunn calls faith in this case would not greatly disconcert me.

Opera-Bouffe by telephone is likely to be as popular in London as it has been in Paris. The audience at the British Hotel, Burlington-gardens, on Wednesday were delighted with the scraps of music they were able to pick up. But hearing without seeing must be horribly tantalizing for more than a few minutes at a time.

That Borneo business is smouldering. The Spanish Foreign Minister says that negotiations on the subject between Spain and Great Britain are pending, with regard to which he could offer no information to the Chamber, but he added, no Power possesses rights superior to those of Spain on the northern coasts of Borneo. Unfortunately it is over these northern coasts that the Crown of England has granted sovereign rights to a trading company.

THE PEOPLE, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1881.

LONDON AND WESTMINSTER WORKING MEN'S CONSTITUTIONAL ASSOCIATION.

At the annual dinner of the St. James's branch of the London and Westminster Working Men's Constitutional Association on Monday, Mr. J. Anderson Rose in proposing "The health of our members and the Conservative cause in Westminster," observed that he had been surprised to find many persons doubting whether there could be such a being as a Conservative working man; as for his part, he could not understand how there could be a working man who was not a Conservative. There could be no antagonism between the working man and Conservatism, any more than there could be between capital and labour. (Hear, hear.) He regretted to say that under the present Government the prestige of England had so declined in consequence of the insults we had sustained in various quarters of the globe that our interests were being assailed almost openly at many points. Thus the French had taken Tunis and Bizerte, Malta was cut in two, our road to India was threatened, and there was an attempt on the part of America to break up the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty and dominate over the traffic of the Panama Canal. The truth was that the human race mostly followed leaders that were worthy of it, and when it ceased to do so, he was not surprised at events happening such as they had lately had occasion to witness. And things were not more satisfactory at home. There was not one department of the public service that was in a satisfactory state. Let them look at Sir William Harcourt, for example. He considered him one of the most gasconading Home Secretaries that had ever disgraced the country. Let them look, too, at Mr. Childers and his department. He thought the Conservative leaders in Parliament had been too tame in dealing with such men, and he rejoiced that Lord Salisbury had come to the front and placed them in their true light before the country. He entirely differed from the Government in their ideas as to the principles upon which wars should be entered into. He was not for defensive wars. The really successful wars were wars of attack. Hannibal invaded Italy from Spain. With a Roman army hanging on his flank, he crossed the Rhone, he crossed the Alps, and he entered Italy, remaining in the country for fifteen years without ever losing battle; and he would have won more had there not been Gladstones and Brights among the Carthaginians who persuaded their countrymen to withhold supplies from him. (Laughter.) He denied the assertion of Mr. Bright that England had fought to put Ferdinand VII. and Louis XVIII. on their thrones. England had fought for liberty them as at other times. (Cheers.) He would now let them into secret. The Government had abdicated, not resigned, and the result was that a Committee of Public Safety was assembled in the city of London to do the work of a Government the most scandalously neglectful of its first duties and they had even seen in their time. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) Under the auspices of that Government a socialistic land law had been passed for Ireland, and that law was being worked, not by judges, but by a revolutionary tribunal. As regarded free trade, he was a free trader, but his free trade was that of Adam Smith, of Ricardo, and of John Stuart Mill—not of the one-sided free trade which the present Government was upholding, under which English trade was suffering grievous hardships. (Cheers.) He would proclaim it as his last word to them, that the best thing they could do for palace, throne, and cottage, for aristocracy, for commerce, for manufactures, for agriculture, for all, was to cast the present Government and replace it by one of Conservative principles, that would not be unwilling to reform, but would refuse to destroy. (Cheers.)

The toast was cordially drunk, and replied to by Mr. Dowdes, who insisted on the necessity of maintaining the union between Church and State.

MONEY FOR SOLDIERS' NEXT OF KIN.

Mr. Edward Preston writes:—"During the year now on the wane, many pages of the *London Gazette* have been filled with the names and descriptions of soldiers who have died in the service of the State, leaving money to which their next of kin are entitled. I venture to send you a note of the larger amounts, with the hope that some of your readers may thus come in for a handsome Christmas-box:

Corporal Henry Barnett, 2nd Brigade R.A.	£125 8 10
Sergeant George E. Dove, 2nd Company, R.E.	133 8 9
Private-Sergeant James Duncan, 1st Battalion, 13th Regiment	130 4 4
Sergeant John Dwyer, 28th Regiment	129 12 5
Sergeant-Instructor of Musketry, S. Groom, 2nd Battalion, 13th Regiment	116 10 7
Sergeant David Haining, 4th Company, R.E.	101 10 7
Private Thomas Holland, 2nd Battalion, 1st Regiment	101 6 5
Corporal William Honey, 2nd Brigade, R.A.	101 1 10
Private William Jones, 1st Hussars	100 17 9
Busby-Sergeant-Major T. McFarlane, 2nd Brigade, R.A.	113 13 11
Private John McKenna, 2nd Regiment	142 7 4
Private J. McKeown, 2nd Battalion, 20th Regiment, R.H.A.	132 10 6
Act-Sergeant Joseph Parker, 2nd Battalion, 1st Regiment	125 0 6
Private Frederick Poole, 80th Regiment	201 14 4
Private William Shee, 4th Regiment	112 13 11
Private W. A. Thomas, 4th Regiment	121 13 14
Corporal-Sergeant John Yule, 2nd Regiment	129 0 19

The scant publicity at present given to soldiers' unclaimed balances, has been estimated to result in a "Crown windfall" of about £4,000 a year. I may add, that between 1869 and 1876, the "Army Prize Money," with accumulated interest amounted to £1,880,656.6d., of which only £1,222,904.9s. 2d. was paid to claimants; the residue, some three-quarters of a million sterling, after setting apart £75,000 to meet anticipated claims, has been expended on Chelsea Hospital and Grounds, &c."

ATTEMPTED MURDER IN CLERKENWELL.

On Monday, at the Clerkenwell Police-court, William Staines, aged 23, a seaman, giving no address, was charged with attempting to murder Thomas Smith, a gold and silver refiner, at Percival-street, Clerkenwell. The injured man is lying in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a bullet having lodged in the upper part of the jaw, near the nose. The bullet has been extracted, and the man's life is not in danger. Inspector Bowles stated that at about a quarter to eleven on Saturday night the prisoner came to the King's-cross Police-station, and said "I wish to give myself up for shooting my brother-in-law on Friday evening." He was cautioned that anything he said might be used in evidence against him, and he replied, "I know that," and handed a six-barrelled revolver to the Inspector, adding, "This is the revolver I shot him with. I have drawn the cartridge. I threw them away. I see by the paper he is not dead." Inspector Peel, of the Criminal Investigation Department, asked the prisoner if he fired more than one shot, and Staines replied, "I missed the first time." On the statement being read over to him, the prisoner said, "That's quite right." Inspector Peel added that on accompanying the prisoner to the cell with Inspector Bowles, Staines made further statements, as follows:—"He (referring to his brother-in-law) was a coward. He ought to have made a good fight for it. Mr. Gold had with Lefroy; I meant to fight for it. Mr. Gold had with Lefroy; and I have told him I should do it. He could have got away when I missed the first time." The injured man traded under the name of Thomas Smith, but his right name was Jesse Sly. After the prisoner had made his statement he signed his name to it. The doctor who attended Sly's life was saved by the bullet lodging in a metal plate attached to a set of artificial teeth he had in his mouth. The prisoner, on being asked if he had any questions to ask of the witness, said, in a firm voice, "No."—Inspector Peel said there was no one present who saw the shots fired, but a man who lived in the same house heard them fired. Sly would probably not be able to give evidence for a fortnight. The prisoner was remanded.

That Borneo business is smouldering. The Spanish Foreign Minister says that negotiations on the subject between Spain and Great Britain are pending, with regard to which he could offer no information to the Chamber, but he added, no Power possesses rights superior to those of Spain on the northern coasts of Borneo. Unfortunately it is over these northern coasts that the Crown of England has granted sovereign rights to a trading company.

THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF TRUE POLITICAL ECONOMY.

(TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PEOPLE.")

SIR.—It is surely the highest time, in the presence of recognised and alarming facts, that the first principles of sound political economy should be inquired into afresh. The Englishman, I feel, will be inclined to say:—We cannot always be digging into the roots of things. We assume the being of a God and the existence of moral responsibility, however certain philosophers and materialists may talk to the contrary, for we cannot get on without them, just as we are convinced of the existence of the visible world, though it may be considered hard to disprove Bishop Berkeley's hypothesis that the material universe is a delusion, and that the only certainty is the existence of mind or self. We cannot be argued out of necessary first principles, and one first principle seems to us to be the philosophy of free trade or free exchange, as between persons and communities.

A series of clever and brilliant writers, supposed to be peculiarly enlightened, have for the last century and a-half been setting forth the extraordinary advantages of free barter, and the right of every individual to do what he likes with his own for the sake of gain. The gain of the individual has been assumed to be the gain of the community, and practical wisdom has been supposed to be summed up in the popular saying that every man has the right to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market, and will act sensibly in so doing.

To dispute the correctness of first principles advocated by Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, Say, Bastiat, and almost countless writers, is naturally considered audacious on the part of any man, and although it is freely admitted that many eminent political economists in the past have taken an opposite view, and considered it the first duty of states to develop their own active powers and energies, yet it has been the fashion of late years to regard this as an exploded fallacy, so that most Englishmen of the educated classes who have been bred in the free trade faith are disposed to ask when they encounter protectionist arguers and arguments, shall we go back from Copernicus and Galileo to Tycho Brahe or Ptolemy? Is nothing to be learnt from the researches and conclusions of superior minds for the last century?

Now, the first answer to all this is the tremendous fact that every civilised country in the world is a very protectionist, save Britain, in particular the greatest and most thriving nations. Surely this indisputable fact brings with it a serious call for the reconsideration of the whole question, and I trust every sensible reader

will own as much. Free trade, then, let it be first stated, cannot be one-sided in its true sense. It must imply or involve a right to sell as well as to buy for, in the natural course of things, whoever buys largely and fails to sell must find himself, sooner or later, in a most unpleasant predicament. True free trade is strictly fair trade. To imagine that any country can profit by a system which encourages and develops expenditure, without any corresponding increase of the national resources, is plainly an extreme abuse of the research of money cheapness to the advantage of the buyer.

But this consideration alone does not explain the fact that all the great countries of the world, save ours, and almost all our colonies are protectionist on principle. Surely it is unreasonable to take for granted that all these people and communities are blind to their own interests and unable to see (as free traders tell us) that two and two make four. Since prosperity, as a matter of fact, waits upon a protection in the United States of America, Canada, Australia, France, and various other countries, we scarcely seem likely to convert the inhabitants of these lands to our free trade notions by shrugging our shoulders mentally at their expense and pitying their blindness. Is it not possible (whether it is probable or not) that we and our favourite teachers have made some great mistake in our theories; have forgotten some first principle, which lies at the root of national well-being?

And, first, is it not altogether a mistake to begin by considering the interests of exchange or trade, as these writers have done? Is not the first and most essential business of every country that of production, the development of all the energies of the nation as well as of all the powers of the soil? Before you talk of exchange, you must surely have something to exchange. May it not be laid down as an infallible first principle of true political economy that labour must precede reward; that the exercise of skill, strength, and industry is the condition of all true well-being for the community or the individual; that production, by the laws of nature and of God, precedes, and always must precede, consumption?

If this first principle is forgotten, as it has been by the so-called economists, how can their conclusions be other than erroneous and vain? God's sunshine is God's free gift, that is true; so is earth, with its capacities of cultivation and resources, mines, &c. &c. so is the vegetable creation; but to make them available for the use of man, human energy and skill are requisite. So the old Bible statement, that in the sweat of his brow man should eat bread, is seen to lie at the root of sound political economy.

The illustration has been used before by the present writer, but it brings the matter insisted on too clearly home to be omitted here. Conceive, then, our rivers to run with milk and wine, our trees to bear leaves of bread, and legs of mutton if you will, and you cannot help seeing that a death-blow would be struck to the exercise of energy and to all civilisation. The approximation to this state of things in the South Sea Islands, is, need it be said, destructive in its consequences. Man is a working animal here, and cannot flourish in a state of easy luxury. Labour, therefore, is practically the root and foundation of all true wealth. It may take a thousand forms, it may be of a lower or a higher order; it may be mainly physical or mainly intellectual; it may or may not involve the exercise of mental or mechanical ingenuity; it may take the shape of defending the security or promoting the interests of the nation in the person of soldier, sailor, clergyman, doctor, artist; but labour or energy is the one thing needed, and therefore, the true interests of labour and labourers are the first thing to be considered in political economy.

Now, the first interest of labour is regular employment, with a fair profit. It is comparatively indifferent to labour whether so-called money prices are high or low, but the labourer has the right to live, and any cheapness obtained at the cost of his existence, is a wrong and injury to the entire community.

Further, the interest of the nation or community, as a whole, is to increase its corporate wealth, and develop all the resources of the soil, all the energies of the inhabitants. Other countries may be more favoured; are almost certain to be so, in climate, richness of soil, &c. The highest energy, physical, moral and mental, is not developed, is rather retarded, by the finest climate; but it would be most foolish, and even insane, on the part of the inhabitants of any country, for the sake of temporary cheapness, to allow their own country to go out of cultivation. This would be diminishing their capital for the sake of a momentary higher interest. Wealth does not depend on the amount consumed by men, or extravagant spendthrifts would be wealthy, and foolish expenditure and lack of foresight would be virtues, but it depends on the exercise and result of our productive powers and energies of whatever kind. We should always make more than we spend.

The primary interest, then, and the duty of every nation, is to develop its active powers. This is not to be done in the spirit of exclusiveness, under which we have seen China and Japan flourishing for thousands of years. After production comes in commerce, for the carrying abroad of our superfluous produce, and the exchange of this for the superfluous produce of other lands. Such commerce should be free and unrestricted, as far as is compatible with the development of home production and the interest of producers, which is primary.

No great country, be it noted, can afford to neglect agriculture, because of all pursuits the cultivation of the soil is the healthiest, physically and morally, and also the best means of what they are, national existence should not be absolutely at the mercy of foreign supplies, which may be withheld. Cheapness is a relative consideration. The essential condition for national well-being is employment, with its result—productiveness and a fair profit. The development of native art, taste, and skill, is another essential condition of national well-being, and a wise government will put forth all its powers to foster these qualities in the population.

Now all this is utterly inconsistent with the principle of unrestricted competition, which means the oppression of labour for the benefit of hoarded capital, the sacrifice of the poor to the rich, of the worker to the more

joyer. The individual speculator, as has been said before, may make a fortune by a lucky hit, buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market, but this maxim is one for speculators and hucksters only. The true merchant, who is a benefactor of humanity, seeks to secure a permanent trade, that shall be beneficial to buyer and seller. He buys ordinarily in the best market the best goods, and sells in the surest, where he is most likely to carry on a lasting and a profitable business. But these first principles run directly counter to the teachings of Adam Smith, Mill, Bastiat, &c. There is fundamental error on one side or the other, and no possibility of compromise. Now, let me repeat, that all civilised countries, save our own, act on the protectionist theory. Republics and empires are of one mind. Universal suffrage is distinctly protectionist, and for the rights of labour, in every land but ours.

Here peculiar circumstances, and in particular the fact that we had almost the monopoly of manufacturing skill and energy, gave the victory to the advocates of unrestricted competition nearly forty years ago. These men were not deep thinkers, but they were popular and powerful orators. They professed to speak in the name of the working classes, and they represented the landlords of England as the natural enemies of the community. At that time the great body of the English people had not the suffrage, and so stood without the constitution, and regarded the ruling classes with more or less of bitterness and envy. Hence the temporary triumph of Messrs. Bright and Cobden, one of whom has lived to see all his predictions falsified, and will probably also live to see his policy reversed. Household suffrage, which we owe, under God, to Lord Beaconsfield (though it must be admitted that Mr. Gladstone would have freely and gladly conferred it on the country), has revolutionised the whole position, and has made the great body of the people the ultimate court of appeal on this as on every other subject in practical politics.

We, protectionists, then, and advocates of the rights of labour, look to the great body of the people to support us in the imperial policy which we consider needful.

The first thing to do, manifestly, is to establish fair trade, or reciprocity at the least, because buying without selling is obviously a slow but certain process of national suicide. Secondly, we desire to make the empire a reality by establishing differential duties between all our colonies and ourselves, with those colonies' free consent, which, we believe, will not be withheld. Thirdly, we are resolved, at every cost, to develop and encourage the native skill and energy of our own people, certain that the increase of our home

CHRISTMAS DOINGS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS.

Christmas with all its attendant institutions! The air thick with circulars—invitations to public gatherings for charitable objects; to private assemblies at the houses of such very grand folks that their dinners and balls, in the absence of royal doings to chronicle, become public property in the newspapers; and wonderful "cards to view" the exhibitions of new year's gifts displayed in all the shops of Paris. No matter what the special business of each establishment may be—not one but has its gay display of utilitities, tasteful always, costly often, just the things which with a passing glance one decides will be "so nice to give away!" Among the things "nice," not only to give away, but to receive, must be counted the triumphs of art in the bon-bon line, the miniature coal sacks, filled to overflowing with the best of chocolate and cream, in the form of roasted chestnuts imitated to a nicely—the white satin flour bags absurdly piled with what appear to be the rosiest of little apples, being really a marvellous composition of the "melting" sort of bon-bon—the tribe of Esquimaux—beautiful little figures a foot high in snowy, furry garments, perfectly artistic and characteristic, which on examination, prove to be another form of the all-pervading bon-bon box.

But, after all, the wonder of Paris just now is the toy trade. In the heart of every great haberdashery or silk mercer's establishment is a glittering chamber set apart and consecrated to the display of toys, wherein, lit by the sheen of gas and twinkling tinsel, the wildest dreams of the most acquisitive infant seem to have taken form and substance. Dolls, so like babies and little girls that one can hardly help a kind of belief that they will some day grow up and use the endless accessories displayed around them; horses standing ready in their stalls, having real hides at any rate, and models of form and attitude, with a collection of brushes, buckets, and horse-cloths hanging on the stable walls, enough to make an amateur groom of much intelligence out of the small boy of five, who may become their proud possessor; every variety of every object which could be supposed by the wildest stretch of fancy to be amusing or desirable. But you don't meet the children themselves in these fascinating regions. The wise elders come here alone, to judge and choose, without the hopeless embarrassment of the youngster, whose desire, once "engendered by the eye," would embrace the whole stock-in-trade of the establishment, and to whom the selected doll or horse, or drum, or workbox would appear, by comparison, a poor kind of display on New-year's day.

If you are so fortunate, shall I say, as to be free from the wearing anxieties of choice, the distracting inner questionings, "What would he, she, or they like best?" then, certainly, a turn in the toy-shops of Paris at this particular season, is a pastime not to be despised, and one which tends to widen your experience, introducing you to a world far removed from that into which you enter when you leave the early gaslight in the shop's recesses and turn out into the busy region of grown-up realities.

I met M.—on Saturday evening. He had been "assisting" at the closing *séance* of the Chamber of Deputies—a short one closed in a hurry through M. Gambetta's influence. The "Extreme Left" were about to put a question to the Government, through M. de Léon, on the subject of nominating a commission of inquiry into the performances of certain consular agents in foreign parts, in consequence of the Rochefort-Roustan revelations.

Desirous at any price to avoid such an inconvenient proposal, or at least to stave it off, M. Gambetta buttonholed M. Brisson, and persuaded him to delay, for a few minutes, the commencement of the sitting; "just till they have finished their business over there at the Luxembourg; because then, you see, we shall have a right to cut short any indiscreet demands, by reading the order of prorogation." So said, so done, and to the great surprise of several "Intransigents" among the deputies, M. Brisson began (twenty minutes after time) reading the order for prorogation, and by declaring the session of 1881 at an end.

"So you see," added M.—"the good folks will have to wait till next year, at any rate, to propose their commission. Rather a pretty trick of Léon's wasn't it?"

It is pleasant to turn to the energetic efforts which are being made every day, for good and charitable objects, by the gay and busy Parisian world which certainly does not forget to be gay and busy for a benevolent motive. First, for the moment, stands the case of the Vienna sufferers by the fire in the Ring Theatre. Madame Edmond Adam, and her press committee, at the office of the *Journal des Débats*, are hard at work, organising subscriptions, auctions, and fêtes of every kind for the good cause. Among all these, the most brilliant will be an entertainment on a large scale, to take place at the Grand Opera, the opera house having been placed at the organiser's disposal for the occasion. The date is not precisely fixed, but the prices are—with a vengeance. The boxes are to be let at fifty, forty, and thirty pounds English, and no single seat is to be had for less than four pounds. So that one had need to have a well-furnished purse, as well as a heart open "to melting charity," to afford oneself an evening amusement at such a cost.

On Wednesday was a wonderfully delightful rétirée at the Austrian Embassy, also for the Vienna sufferers, at which such singers as Madame Krauss and M. Faure, and such actors as Madame Reichemburg, M. Got, and M. Coquelin gave us a taste of their quality, free gratis for nothing, as far as they themselves, kind souls, are concerned.

On Thursday last there was a brilliant meeting of the Geographical Society—the second of the year—at the Society's rooms on the Boulevard St. Germain. There were too many people, and it was not to move; but, though I could not succeed in hearing more than a fragment of the opening speech of M. Léon, which evidently delighted those who were within earshot, I was more fortunate at the end of the evening, listening at my ease to the interesting account given by M. Charles Gachot of his travels in the regions neighbouring the Caspian Sea. M. Gachot is a correspondent of the *Republique Française*, and was sent out at the cost of the proprietor of the journal, to explore the country situated between the ends of the Taurian Taurus and the Caspian. The traveller entertained us with interesting and, on his showing, plausible parts of a railway between the Caspian Sea and the Aral.

The artistic world in Paris has much to say just now with regard to possible modification in the art of painting, resulting from Mr. Maybridge's recent victories in instantaneous photography.

Yester week, Mr. Maybridge exhibited some of the really interesting dioramas to a select audience at the "club des Mirlitons." He speaks no French,

and his interpreter was M. Meissonnier, the distinguished painter. The American photographer showed us first of all a picture of his great apparatus at Chicago.

Imagine, if you can, four-and-twenty photographic reflectors arranged so as to cover uninterrupted a stretch of ground about thirty yards in length. Say that a horse at full gallop passes before this range of glasses from No. 1 to No. 24 successively. Each glass receives an instantaneous impression of the horse's action, decomposed, as it were, into the separate instants of his passage from one end to the other of his course. These four-and-twenty separate photographs are then fixed by Mr. Maybridge in a disc, which he causes to rotate rapidly, thus affording to the spectator an absolutely perfect illusion of the actual movement of the animal.

In this manner we were shown the whole action of a jockey taking his horse over a hedge; you absolutely see the man pull his horse together, lift him over, and let him go as he touches the ground on the other side. Afterwards we saw the detached details—each instant of the rapid leap—and subsequently oxen, moving slowly, and greyhounds coursing. It is impossible to imagine anything more curious than the appearance of the detached instants in photography which go to make these wonderful pictures. It would never have occurred to any one, I think, that any animal at any given moment could be caught in such grotesque attitudes.

Apropos of the great Vienna catastrophe. It is an ill-wind that blows nobody any good. On Friday last the director of every theatre in Paris received an official intimation from the Prefect of Police, that he would be required, in a week's time, to execute in his theatre every possible precautionary measure, which could be adopted without absolutely closing its doors.

The first step to be taken is, we are told, the establishment of a system of lighting by oil-lamps, to be ready for use at any moment, when it might be necessary to turn off the gas at the meter; and secondly, movable bracket-seats are to replace, in all cases, the occasional chairs which obstruct the passage of the audience. Also the number of doors of egress is to be increased, and the approach to them facilitated.

These measures of precaution will be extended to the theatres subsidised by the Government, the Minister of "the Arts," the ever active M. Antonin Proust, having put himself into communication with the Prefect of Police, supplementing all the latter's instructions, with his governmental orders for their execution.

The Grand Opera it appears has hitherto always refused to provide a system of oil lighting, which is now rigorously to be enforced.

Additional measures are to be taken to insure a prompt and sufficient supply of water. Also, every theatre, without exception, is to have its iron curtain, to separate the stage from the auditorium.

In the Theatre of the Palais Royal a second staircase is insisted upon; the one which exists being notoriously narrow and dangerous from its insufficiency.

It is satisfactory to be assured that all possible precautions are going to be taken just now, when the holidays will bring larger audiences than usual to all the theatres. The managers grumble, but not the public.

The Chatelet Theatre is sure of crowded benches, so long as the "Thousand and One Nights" keep the boards. A more fascinating piece of "façay" was never put on any stage before, to my thinking at least. The "three acts and thirty-three tableaux" are arranged so as to give scope for the most scientific stage managing, the most daring and successful flights of the scene painter and mechanist; and all that a stage costumier could devise of most brilliant in dress or undress.

The story—all that is necessary in the way of a story—hangs upon the adventures of Abou-Hassan. He is the lover of Scheherazade, and the Sultan consents to give him up the lady, in exchange for three things, the richest treasure, the purest pearl, and the most precious talisman in the world. Abou-Hassan starts off in pursuit of these, which are particularised as the treasure of Sinbad the Sailor, Cleopatra's pearl, and Aladdin's Lamp. The Sultan starts also, to do his uttermost to hinder Abou-Hassan in his quest. In the deepest under-water depths, lie all the lost treasures of the world. There is a grand ballet of "Treasures of the Deep," pace Mrs. Hemans, and the Queen of the Water Nymphs, at the entreaty of the Genius of Fairy Tales, changes Aladdin into Sinbad the Sailor. Sinbad has become the richest of the rich in the Land of Progress. A magician revives Cleopatra and her court for an hour, and himself, under the guise of Prince Pharnax, beloved by Cleopatra, obtains from her the Necklace of Pearls. To get hold of Aladdin's Lamp, it is necessary to pass through a magic castle, and carry off the horn of Roland, wherewith to hunt monsters in the Enchanted Forest. Abou-Hassan manages to enter the castle, in the disguise of a princess, seizes the horn and has a successful "monster hunt," accompanied by the furious barking of a pack of real hounds. Then, after some terrible experiences in subterranean realms, he emerges into the Kingdom of Lamps. There he possesses himself of Aladdin's Lamp, and the story ends.

Of course this gives no idea of the beauty of the scenes and tableaux illustrating this medley of fairy lore. Though choice is invidious where, in its kind, all is good, it was the last act where, in the Lamp Land, every possible sort of lamp, ancient and modern, has its personal representative, which struck me as the most original.

Brilliant are the hunting parties at Compiègne all through the month of December. Many of the blust of the blue-blood representatives still inhabit their châteaux near the entrance of the forest, and the ancient traditions of the hunting palace are not suffered to die out. Last Wednesday week, for instance, it was well worth while to get up early and take the train from Paris to Compiègne, and drive sharply to the Carrefour, or "crossways," of "Le Puits du Raz," to have a look at it.

Fancy a wide circular clearing, with five or six avenues, diverging on all sides, stretching away till they are lost in the infinite perspective of the woods. In this space are drawn up a brilliant group of carriages surrounding a knot of huntmen, whose scarlet habits, lined with gold, glitter like a spray of royal magnolias amid the solar colouring of their surroundings. There, too, a little further on, are the hounds, helping for joy, even under the whip of the hunt master; a picturesque and fanciful group these, in Marquis de l'Aigle's livery of grey cloth and red velvet.

The horns ring out gaily, awaking the sleepy echoes, and scattering terror among all the woodland denizens; and there is an excited stir of horsemen and their steeds, rejoicing in the prospect of the day's sport; all were in gayety and excitement.

chattering, laughing, and occasionally taking advantage of the general stir to steal a flower from someone's bouquet, or gallantly bending to explain to some new arrival the expected programme of the day. When they have all clattered off, and the echoes of the last horns are dying away in the narrow perspective, under the crossing branches of the grey December trees, and one wanders slowly back to the world outside the wood, one has a kind of Rip Van Winkle sensation—of having seen some sort of anachronism—and it is a relief to find that one has not missed twenty years, nor even one's train, after all.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Opening of Parliament.

We are requested to state that there is no foundation for the announcement which has appeared in some of the daily papers that the Queen is coming to London in February in order to open Parliament.

The Princess Beatrice.

On Thursday the Princess Beatrice attended at the Town Hall, Ryde, and opened a fine art exhibition. The Isle of Wight Volunteers formed a guard of honour and the principal streets of the town were decked with bunting. The Mayor of Ryde read an address to the Princess and delivered a speech in which he alluded to the patronage given to art by the Queen and the late Prince Consort.

France and England.

We are informed that the commercial negotiations with France will very shortly be resumed, and that Sir Charles Dilke is expected to arrive in Paris from the South of France on Monday or Tuesday next.

Colonial Appointments.

We learn that General Sir Charles Ellice has signified his willingness to accept the Governorship of Gibraltar, for which he is named on his vacating the Adjutant-Generalship of the Army.—Sir Arthur Kennedy, we understand, will vacate the Governorship of Queensland, and return to England towards the end of next year.

A New Catholic Bishop.

A Papal bull was received in Truro on Thursday, appointing the Very Rev. Dean Higgins, Roman Catholic Bishop of Kerry, in place of the late Dr. McCarthy. Dean Higgins had been selected by the priests of the diocese as a candidate for the office.

Great Fire at Deptford.

On Thursday a fire, which proved most extensive and destructive, broke out in the large flour mills of Messrs. J. and H. Robinson, Deptford-bridge, Greenwich. In twenty minutes a score of engines were on their way to the scene. The premises, in which the fire broke out, consisted of two large buildings, adjoining and communicating. One was used as a mill, and the other was the granary, and it was upon the third floor of the mill portion of the premises that the fire first broke out. Both buildings caught fire, and were burned down. Two of the firemen sustained injuries in the course of the fire.

The Canonbury Collision.

Only five sufferers from the collision at Canonbury now remain in the German Hospital, where they make satisfactory progress.

Sheep Worrying on the Premier's Estate.

On Wednesday night Mr. John Roberts, Saltney, Mr. Gladstone's largest tenant farmer, lost eight valuable Shropshire Down ewes through being worried by dogs. Two others were worried to death on Sunday morning, and four a few days before, making fourteen in all. Mr. Roberts estimates his loss at £4 per head.—Mr. Jones, of Bretton, a neighbouring farmer, had six sheep worried to death by the same dogs on Sunday night.

Gallant Rescue of a Shipwrecked Crew.

The Hull smack Clara arrived at that port on Thursday, having on board the captain and crew of the German brig Triton. The brig was bound from Sweden for Ghent, with wood, when she was overtaken by the gale on Saturday last. Her foremast was carried away, and she became waterlogged and unmanageable. The crew had to lash themselves in the main rigging, and suffered much. On Sunday the smack came up, and, at great risk in a high sea, rescued the whole of the brig's crew. They had to give up their fishing voyage, which had only just commenced, to bring the shipwrecked crew home.

Shipping Disasters.

A telegram from Appledore on Thursday states that the Admiral Peter Tordenskjold, Norwegian barque, Captain H. Bondi, from Cardiff for Madeira, laden with coals, had struck on Branton Sands, in Bideford Bay, and gone to pieces. The captain and four of the crew were drowned, and six were saved.

Throwing Vitriol over a Sweetheart.

At Manchester, on Thursday, a man named Walton, occupying a respectable position, was remanded, previous to commitment to the assizes, for throwing a quantity of vitriol over his sweetheart. In consequence of a quarrel he procured the vitriol, and while she was off her guard threw it over her face endangering her sight. The quarrel arose through his telling her that he was a married man, and she resenting the indignity put upon her. At the Man's Higher C. & T. Police-court, on Friday, Walton was committed to the assizes. A doctor said the girl would be disfigured for life.

Pigeon Shooting for £200.

On Thursday, at the Union Gun Club enclosure, Hendon, Dr. Carver, the American champion-shot, and Mr. Gordon contested their return match for £100 a side, under somewhat similar conditions to those which governed their meeting some days since. Mr. Gordon, shooting grandly, won the match by two birds—his record being 29 against the doctor's 27.

Sculling Match.

On Thursday, George Perkins, of Rotherhithe, and George Thomas, of Brentford, rowed from Putney to Mortlake for £100, which Thomas won in 27 min. 7 sec.

STRAIN IN THE LAW COURTS.

The judges have submitted to the Home Secretary the following recommendations:—1. Considering the heavy and continuous strain, mental and physical, throughout the greater part of the year on the judges and the leading members of the bar—heaver and more continuous, as the judges believe, than on any persons employed in any other vocation—the judges, being of opinion that it would be inexpedient to shorten the period of the summer legal vacation which has, because of the necessity of a long rest, existed for so many years, recommend that no alteration be made in the long vacation. 2. The judges being of the same opinion from a consideration of the habits of the majority of the people interested in such a question, an interference with which habits in the manner proposed would, in the opinion of the judges, entail a serious hardship on juriesmen and witnesses, and on solicitors, solicitors and officers, without any established necessity for the proposed alteration, recommend that no alteration be made in the long vacation. The above recommendations were adopted at the Council of Judges of the Supreme Court, held at the House of Lords on the 15th inst., by way of amendment to the proposal by Lord Coleridge (who presided in the unavoidable absence of the Lord Chancellor) that the Trinity Sittings of the High Court and of the Court of Appeal end for the future on the 10th of August, and that the Michaelmas Sittings of the High Court and of the Court of Appeal begin for the future on the 20th of October.

A MATRIMONIAL HOAX.—A London gentleman, who has been advertising for a wife, has been made the victim of an amusing hoax. The advertisement was answered by a gentleman in the Midlands. Photographs were exchanged, and the supposed lady accepted the advertiser's attentions. A meeting was arranged to take place at Nuneaton Station, and at the time appointed the supposed lady was there with a host of friends. On the advertiser arriving he was so laughed at by the crowd that he was very glad to leave the station and the crowd.

THE VIENNA FIRE.

Since his return from Gödöllö the Emperor has been occupied almost exclusively with the affairs of the Ring Theatre and the important questions arising out of that calamity. After hearing the latest evidence the Emperor expressed an opinion exonerating the conduct of the police and of the responsible officials of the theatre. On Monday his Majesty made a thorough personal investigation of the Imperial Opera House, which is also situated in the Ring, and is certainly one of the finest edifices of its kind in the world. The Emperor examined all parts of the house, from the uppermost gallery to the pit. He saw the effect of the oil lamps when the gas was extinguished, and in the end ordered a number of improvements, including additional facilities for egress from the building. The Emperor will visit the Burg Theatre for the same purpose, and afterwards take the various private theatres in turn. Vienna had

Another Fright

on Monday. In the southern suburb of Matzleindorf a private theatre, with only wooden stairs, caught fire, and the incredible stupidity of the officials and police was within an ace of causing another terrible loss of life. A chimney took fire in the large saloon, which was full of people. There was immediately the greatest confusion on the stage. The audience was ignorant of the cause, but was suddenly seized with terror. There were no precautionary measures at all in this building against an outbreak of fire, and to make matters worse the police would not allow any one to come out of the theatre, or to enter it until the Fire Brigade, which fortunately arrived very quickly, had extinguished the flames. People outside, many of them having relatives in the building, were naturally excited in the highest degree when they saw the fire, and grew desperate when they were refused admittance by the police. But for the fact that the firemen were able in a very few minutes to put out the fire, there can hardly be a doubt that we should have had

Another Disaster

to lament. It is probable that all the private theatres—that is all except those belonging to the State—will be closed shortly, as the precautions which have now been ordered cannot be carried out without either their entire rebuilding or at least until extensive alterations have been effected.

The Emperor, it is reported, contemplates purchasing the ground upon which the ruins of the Ring Theatre stand, and erecting thereon a charitable institution. The Emperor's younger daughter, the Princess Marie Valerie, who is not yet fourteen, asked, in place of a Christmas present that was offered to her, to be allowed to adopt one of the little girls who have been left orphans by the terrible disaster.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

It is stated that the scheme for the provision of a large dry dock at Halifax has been taken up by a strong English company. The proposal is supported by the English and Canadian Governments, as well as by the province of Nova Scotia.—The school census of Winnipeg, just completed, gives the number of Protestant children in that city, between five and sixteen years of age, as 1,126, an increase of 42 per cent. over that of last year.—As an example of the speculation that is taking place in connection with real estate in Manitoba, it may be mentioned that a gentleman of Toronto bought, about a year ago, two lots containing 60 acres, in Manitoba, adjoining Winnipeg, for 5,500 dols. In September last he sold the property for 30,000

THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON A MANCHESTER.

On the 17th inst. the Marquis of Hartington opened a new Liberal club at Brierfield, near Burnley, and in reply to an address presented to him by the Liberal Association, said that at the last general election the great majorities which the Liberal party obtained, were obtained under the influence of a strong and vehement popular excitement. The policy pursued by the Conservative Government had caused a large amount of distrust, dissatisfaction, and alarm among large classes, both of the Liberal and Conservative parties, and the election of 1880 was fought under circumstances which it was hardly likely would occur again. He thought they ought not to trust implicitly to those great majorities in the future. In the address attention having been called to his lordship's conduct of Indian affairs, he said he accepted office with little previous acquaintance with Indian affairs, but he had striven to be guided by those principles which he believed to be entertained by the Liberal party. They had not spoken of Mr. Gladstone in words at all too strong. It was impossible for all who had seen the devotion, the single-mindedness and energy which would be remarkable in a younger man, but which was wonderful in a man of his age, and who had undergone the labour he had undergone, to speak so highly as to the qualities he had brought to bear upon the administration of this country. They had had many difficulties to confront, but the confidence of the Liberal party in the Government had remained unshaken, and in spite of many trials and difficulties he believed that confidence remained unshaken. (Cheers.)

Later in the afternoon Lord Hartington and Mr. Grafton addressed a large meeting in the Silem's hosiery, Nelson, and in doing so Lord Hartington said he was surprised to see Lord Lytton had stated that the account he (Lord Hartington) gave of

Lord Lytton's Afghan Policy

was without foundation. All he had to say in reply was, that he made the statement on the authority of a most elaborate paper which had been written by Lord Lytton on the subject, and he reiterated the opinion that the paper advocated nothing more nor less than the military occupation of Afghanistan. With regard to

The State of Ireland.

he said his late speech had led to a host of criticism, and he had been blamed both for what he did say, and what he did not say. He had been blamed for saying that in their treatment of the Irish question, great and even inexhausted patience was requisite. He had been asked how long they were to be patient, and whether the Government could be aware of its great responsibility with regard to the condition of Ireland. Both he and his colleagues were deeply daily and hourly impressed with the heavy responsibility which weighed upon them with respect to Ireland—not the responsibility for having brought about the condition of affairs, for he denied that they were so responsible. They were, no doubt, responsible for the conduct to be pursued in such

Critical and Dangerous Circumstances, and every one of them felt responsibility, anxiety, and pain, as to what was taking place in Ireland. But what increased their responsibility was the constant and generous support which they had received from the majority in Parliament, and as he believed from the majority in the country. (Cheers.) They were resolved to bring the conduct to an end, and to a successful end. (Cheers.) It was that unflinching and unwavering confidence which increased their responsibility, while on the other hand, what diminished it was the reckless and heated condemnation to which they had been subjected by their political opponents. A policy ought to be criticised, but it should be criticised in a temperate and suggestive manner. In the speeches of their opponents they heard in the same breath exaggerated descriptions of the severity of the Cessation Act coupled with a plaintive appeal for

More Coercion.

Was it possible for the people of Ireland to read these speeches and yet believe that in one of the great political parties in this country there existed that firm determination and steadfastness of purpose which alone could bring to a successful issue the difficulties under which they were now labouring? The authority they desired the people to respect was the authority of the law, and of the executive Government. When they heard the law, denounced as it had been by their opponents—the Land Act especially—as a measure of confiscation and spoliation, differing but little from the measure advocated by the Land League, could they expect the people of Ireland to respect the law. (Cheers.) If the Conservatives were of opinion that the policy of the Government in Ireland had been an unwise one, let them

Turn Out the Government

and take the responsibility upon themselves, but they ought to reserve their denunciations for the meeting of Parliament, and let them abstain until that time came from weakening the hands of the Government, and increasing any difficulties under which it was labouring. It was impossible that everything which was now to be done could be done by the Government. The Government must have the assistance of the landlords, and of those classes in Ireland who were interested in the maintenance and security of property. The Government was not and could not be an organisation for collecting rents, or for the enforcement of the right of property. The initiative must be taken by the owners of property themselves. An association had been formed for the purpose in Ireland. In his opinion that was a most legitimate association, and he was not prepared to say that such an association would not be both desirable and beneficial.

Lord Randolph Churchill

had lately spoken at Manchester, and he had observed that whatever Lord Randolph Churchill said Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote were very much inclined to say a few weeks later. (Laughter.) It was quite true that Lord Randolph Churchill was not the recognised leader of the Conservative party. He might very properly be designated as the leading horse in that equipage called a tandem. (Laughter.) It was rather a dangerous style of equipage, as the leader was so far distant from the driver that he could only be kept in a straight line by continued application of the whip. (Laughter.) Unfortunately, that was not the case in this instance. The leader went where he liked, and it was Sir Stafford Northcote who received the whipping. (Cheers.) Lord Churchill had said that he (the Marquis of Hartington) was more responsible for the condition of Ireland than any other member of the Government, and that was because if he had succeeded from the Liberal Cabinet he could have brought about the fall of the Government. He thought his influence was very much exaggerated, and he believed that the present Government was strong enough and able to survive the secession of any of its members. (Cheers.) To bring about the fall of the present Government might be a course which would command itself to Lord Randolph Churchill, because his ideas of statesmanship appeared to be to produce confusion, and when he had done that he seemed to think that a great effort of statesmanship had been achieved. He asked, if they turned the present Government out of office.

Were the Tories Prepared

to take the responsibility of coming into power and governing Ireland? (Cheers.) Did they think that a general election in the present heated state of men's minds as regarded politics would be a desirable or calming influence? Where would be the patriotism, where would be the merit in taking such a step, which could endanger the existence of the present Government? (Cheers.) Why, when all these difficulties, dangers, and objections existed, should he or any other member of the Government desert it? (Cheers.)

The Land League

had been deemed to be the great source of incitement to the condition of things in Ireland, but the power of the Land League was broken. As an organisation

it no longer existed, and though great disorder and great insecurity of life and property still prevailed, within the last few days more hopeful signs had presented themselves, as juries had in several instances found persons guilty of agrarian outrages. A guerrilla warfare was still being carried on by followers of the Land League, but he had never heard of a case in which

Guerrilla Warfare

had achieved a victory. The head organisation in this case, the Land League, had been broken. (Cheers.) The question was simply whether the Government was to be tried because they had not succeeded in restoring law, peace, and order in Ireland, or whether they were to be recognised as having engaged in a long, arduous, and painful struggle which they carried on in the right way and by the right means. It did not seem to him to be a moment for deserting the Government and thus increasing its embarrassment. With regard to the reform of the

Procedure of the House of Commons, he said the question was simply whether the country did or did not care to have these great measures of reform carried out for which they were anxious two years ago. There was the question of

Local Government

and, connected with it, the difficult question of local taxation. He did not mean to say that the Government meant to pass a measure with regard to them, but they were measures which, though they did not excite great party hostility, would, doubtless, meet with great delay. Did they wish for a thorough reform of the land laws (cheers) and for such a reform of the land system as would make land less a monopoly in the hands of a few? Did they desire, as they desired two years ago, that the county franchises should be assimilated to the borough franchise (cheers), and that the measure should be accompanied by a re-distribution of seats? Did they care as they cared a few years ago, that the question of the restriction of intemperance and a reform of the licensing laws should be gone into? (Cheers.) If they wanted any of those things, he had no hesitation in saying that the first thing to do was to reform the existing procedure in Parliament. He hoped the remedies which would be applied might not necessarily be of a stringent or of a coercive character. He did not doubt but that something might be done by the adoption of a

Sub-division of Labour,

and in some way committees might relieve the House of a large portion of its labours; but he was of opinion that no measure would be adequate which did not give to the House far greater power than it now possessed for the purpose of disposing of its own time and deciding what subjects it would listen to, and at what length they were to be discussed. It was a subject well worthy the attention of the country and of Parliament, and if they wanted their business done, and the dignity of the Parliament of the country maintained, they must speak, and speak plainly. The work of reforming the procedure of Parliament was not, and never could be, an easy or a simple one, and he feared they would utterly fail, unless they felt that the opinion of the country was with them. The stake at issue was no small one, as the House of Commons was the mainspring of our constitution, and the most important part of our system of government, and he hoped that measures would be taken to restore its dignity and efficiency. (Cheers.)

ALLEGED LIBEL ON A MUSICAL CONDUCTOR.

At Bow-street Police-court on the 17th inst. Gustav Kuhmey, of 33, Long Acre, appeared to a summons charging him with unlawfully and maliciously publishing a defamatory libel of and concerning Karl Meyer, the musical conductor at the Adelphi Theatre, well knowing the same to be false.

Mr. T. W. Payne appeared in support of the summons, and Mr. Lothrop Goldsberg defended.

Mr. Payne said the defendant was the cashier of the German Musical Society, carrying on business in Long Acre. In his capacity as secretary he would be well acquainted with the fact that the paper in which the alleged libel was printed was distributed all over the world to its subscribers, and the fact of its having been produced in England, constituted the publication of the alleged libel, which was as follows:—

GERMANIC SALOON.—A Warning from London.—Although the musicians in Germany have often been warned from home against accepting engagements in England, without having previously made inquiries at the local society relative to the state of the law, and again, particularly now, when our countrymen are again righting up the indiscretions of the musicians, alias musical conductors in this city, again and again the musicians allow themselves to be induced by mere promises to give up their artistic freedom in Germany in order to sacrifice the same in England, when ever they do so, in their own idea—good engagement is

to be had, and they would be compelled to pay his batches, throws every

sort of musicians into misfortune. Having a short engagement during the summer of each year at a small place-keeping in this country, for which, on account of the small salary, etc., go to a week—

to be had, and they cannot get any more money in the country. He is nearly always able to

get a week's leave from Germany by promises of a settling character. But when the few months during which the engagement lasts are over, the musicians have then to look out for themselves, for the theatres at which they previously engaged are induced to give up their places, because

the musicians are then in a place which is vacant, or they do not care at all. And when the musician Meyer is then reminded of his promise, he either answers rudely or makes

no promise. Then is it the musicians, if they have not the

money to live for seven months on their own means, in order to

get the summer engagement or to return home, are obliged to

come to an arrangement with a well-known concert-

conductor from Germany by promises of a settling character. But when the few months during which the engagement lasts are over, the musicians have then to look out for

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no promise. Then is it the musicians, if they have not the

LOSS OF AN ARCTIC EXPLORING SHIP.

News has reached the Government of Irkutsk, in Eastern Siberia, that on the 14th of September last three natives of the village of Oulons, near Cape Barhay, situated 140 versts to the north of Cape Nikoff, discovered a large boat containing eleven strangers, who stated that they belonged to the crew of the Arctic exploring steamer *Jeannette*. They had undergone terrible suffering. On hearing the news the deputy-governor of the district was immediately dispatched with a doctor and a supply of medicine to the help of the shipwrecked sailors, whom he was instructed to bring to Irkutsk. He was also to do all in his power to recover the remainder of the crew. A sum of 500 roubles was placed at his disposal to defray the first expenses. Engineer Melville has telegraphed to the United States Legation that the *Jeannette* was surrounded and crushed by the ice on the 23rd of June, in latitude 77° north, longitude 157° east. The crew left the vessel in three boats, which about 50 miles from the mouth of the Lena were separated by violent winds and thick fogs. Boat 3, which Mr. Melville commanded, arrived on the 29th September at the eastern mouth of the Lena, where it was stopped by blocks of ice near the village of Bolongena, a hamlet inhabited by idolaters. Boat 1 also reached the same spot. The men in these boats state that Lieutenant Delong, Dr. Ambler, and twelve other shipwrecked sailors, landed at the northern mouth of the Lena, and are in a fearful condition, several suffering from frost-bitten limbs. A party of the inhabitants of Bolongena started off immediately to their assistance. Nothing is known of boat No. 2.

The *Jeannette*

was a three-masted steam-yacht, of about 500 tons burthen, and was originally known as the *Pandora*, being then the property of Sir Allan Young. The *Jeannette* was equipped for her voyage at an expense of £63,000. Her commander was Captain George W. de Long, of the United States service. Most of the officers and men were experienced sailors from the United States Navy, who had been in former expeditions to the Arctic regions. The *Jeannette* left San Francisco, July 8, 1879, and the last that was heard of her after she sailed towards the north was on September 3 of the same year, when she was sighted by a whaler steaming in the direction of Wrangell Land. In the summer of 1880 the United States Government sent the revenue cutter *Corwin* to the north to search for any tidings of the *Jeannette*. In June of the present year the United States Government sent two steamers, the *Rogers* and the *Corwin*, to renew the search by way of Behring Straits, and a vessel named the *Alliance* was also sent in the direction of Spitzbergen. Although all these vessels penetrated high latitudes, no trace of the *Jeannette* was discovered. Professor Nordenstjold, in describing his voyage, mentioned that the Esquimaux had seen a steamer going east, and this is believed to have been the *Jeannette*.

The Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, who happens to be at present in St. Petersburg, having received information of the arrival of the shipwrecked officers and crew of the *Jeannette* in the region under his command, immediately proceeded to Gatchina and saw the Emperor, who personally ordered that all the supplies necessary, clothing, food, money, and transportation should be placed at their disposal.

The Secretary of the Navy sent a telegram to Mr. Melville at Irkutsk, telling him to spare no expense to secure the safety of the missing men, or to ensure proper care in the transportation to Europe of those already found.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

Borrowing the materials for comedy from the grim tragedy of the present reign of terror in Ireland, the Westminster scholars on Tuesday night introduced on their mimic stage the persons of "Captain Moonlight," and his followers with tremendous effect. The difficulty of treating Ireland from a humorous stand-point has by this time, it may be surmised, been recognised even by our professedly comic papers, but the Westminster scholars managed to extract a considerable amount of harmless merriment out of the proceedings of Land Commissioners, the abatement of rents, the "No Rent" conspiracy, and other kindred topics.

Miss Fanny Parnell

defying the Government was, by a pardonable oversight, not introduced, despite the fine opportunity thus presented for a highly realistic scene, in which an encounter between Lady Land Leaguers and the constabulary might have taken place at the office of a sedulous newspaper. But the conception and execution of the plot of the fanciful little epilogue was skilfully managed, and much credit is due to the youthful performers in this modern description of classical farce.

Domena, the crusty old Roman countryman, is of course metamorphosed into a distressed landlord, who cannot get his rents, and who sighs for protection and other measures. Micio—the dear, amiable, foolish old Micio—comes on the stage as a land commissioner, instructed to carry out the Land Act in a generous spirit, which his timidity of character fits him admirably to do. The moral of the afterpiece is unexceptionable. Syrus, the clever slave, is a peasant who prefers trying the Land Court to joining the Land League, while Geta is allured into the "No Rent" organisation, and in the end comes to perfectly classical grief. When "Captain Moonlight" and his band of desperados come upon the scene, the situation becomes thrilling, and we have the pleasure of finding strong Latin equivalents used for the "midnight marauders" and "village ruffians" known to

Modern Irish History.

Echinus reappears as a City man, who indulges in "cornering" and stock-broking transactions on a stupendous scale, much to the wonder of his rustic brother Ctesiphon. Hesio is an English member of Parliament, whose views on Fair Trade versus Free Trade are of a slightly shadowy character. The lines at this point are too good to be altogether omitted. Domena, the unlucky landlord, is sounding his member on the great Trade question:

Domena.—But, if Protection does not meet your views,

Fair Trade—But, if Protection—

Why should we王者—

It's Fair Trade and for Fair Trade too.

Hesio.—Most just, and for Free Unites 'tis Fair.

Domena.—Hem! I am pleased to hear you thus declare.

Hesio.—Tapping him on the shoulder.

Was that your real belief that you let fall?

Hesio.—Oh, no! A *prose* sentence, that's all!

Of course the allusion was quickly caught up and responded to with much laughter. It will be seen from this short extract as we are glad to say, that English subjects find a certain amount of attention paid to them in the generally Hibernian Epilogue, in which the

Boycott Homines

figure conspicuously. In mixing up the state of trade and commerce with Irish difficulties, the Westminster boys—it will be acknowledged—set an example which may perhaps be followed next session in a contiguous building. Altogether last night's performance was a genuine treat to those who desire to see the classical playwrights put on the modern stage in an efficient style, and carefully and meritoriously interpreted, and who enjoy a spirited bit of fun, even in a "dead language."

CATHOLIC BISHOPS AND THE LAND LEAGUE.

Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, one of the most eminent Roman Catholic clergymen in the country, created considerable sensation on Sunday in New York by addressing the people of his diocese in strong opposition to the Land League. He said the abhorrence of a few priests with low missions did not sanctify the "No rent" cause, and that between the Revolutionists of the League and all good Catholics the lines were to be sharply and determinedly drawn. He also exhorted the members of his congregation for inviting Father Sheehy to address a Rochester audience without first asking the Bishop concerning his standing in the Church. One of the highest dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church in America assures me that Bishop McQuaid represents accurately the sentiment of all the American Bishops, and that if they were to hold a consultation they would undoubtedly agree unanimously in condemning the "No rent" agitation.

DISASTROUS COLLERY EXPLOSION.

Great Loss of Life.

About noon on Monday an explosion of gas took place at the Abram Colliery, near Wigan, attended with a loss of between forty and fifty lives and endangering upwards of 250. The scene of the disaster is a mining village, three miles south of Wigan, two miles from Leigh, and about seven from Bolton, and is situated on the Leigh and Wigan Canal. The colliery is owned by the Abram Coal Company, and consists of two pits, named respectively the Arley and the Orrell. The former has been worked to a depth of 630 yards, while the Orrell, in which the explosion occurred, has been sunk to about 500 yards. At ten minutes past twelve, a correspondent telegraphed, a report was heard which shook the ground violently for a considerable distance around the pit, and those experienced in mining life knew at once that a dangerous explosion had occurred. It was soon afterwards ascertained that it had taken place in No. 5 pit of the Abram Company. The report was followed by a dense volume of black smoke rising up both the up and down cast shafts. Means were promptly adopted to ascertain the extent of the catastrophe, but two hours elapsed before any descent could be effected, the winding apparatus having been disarranged by the violence of the explosion. One rope had to be removed, as

The Cage was Unworkable,

and then Mr. Taylor, the certified manager, accompanied by another manager, went down the shaft. As may be imagined, during the period of suspense the most alarming rumours were afloat as to the precise number of men at work in the pit, and there were certainly not less than two hundred hands in the two seams. On coming to the bank again, Mr. Taylor reported that the explosion had happened in the Orrell workings, and that the miners encased in the Arley Mine were perfectly safe, except that they were imprisoned; those who had fortunately been able to reach the bottom of the shaft, having shouted up to the explorers to this effect.

As a rule the colliers live in cottages near the pit; no sooner, therefore, had the report of the explosion been heard than hundreds of women and children crowded to the mouth of the shaft in a state of inexpressible anxiety to learn the fate of fathers, sons, and brothers working in the seams below. Every moment the crowd thickened, as the inhabitants of outlying villages hastened to the scene of the disaster, and a special force of police was required to keep back the mass of human beings who pressed forward when the slightest movement at the head of the shaft indicated that something from the depths below was being brought to bank. In more than one instance the eager, anxious gaze gave place to an expression of intense thankfulness as the something brought to the light proved to be a near relative.

Maimed and Burnt

possibly, but still alive. Then, after such an incident, the crowd for the most part would again revert to silent and sad expectancy. Every form of grief was depicted in the faces of the throng.

Meanwhile

Exploring Parties

had been organised, and attempts made to rescue those who were still entombed. It was twenty minutes past two o'clock when two men were brought out uninjured, and their appearance was received with every manifestation of joy by the hundreds of women surrounding the pit bank, being taken as an augur of further successful rescues. The men who were first selected to descend as explorers were George Plas, Hugh Darwell, John Newton, William Westhead, John Barton, Daniel Eckerley, Joseph Threlkeld, William Twist, James Barton, Arthur Gregory, Giles Westhead, Joseph Guest, and John Darwell. They were the means of bringing eight men up the shaft by three o'clock, all of them, however, more or less injured. Some of the rescued were burnt from head to foot, and presented a shocking spectacle. Having had their wounds dressed, they were swathed in bandages, and conveyed to their residences in carts which were in readiness. Some of them had their hair and beard scorched off, and were otherwise disfigured. Nor did the explorers escape scathless. Several were overpowered by the after-damp, and at one time so great were the obstacles to be overcome that the search was interrupted, and the explorers were compelled to retire. But it was not for long, and after a brief spell the gallant band again made an effort to penetrate the workings. Mr. Hall, the Government inspector, who was at Runcorn, was telegraphed for, and he arrived at four o'clock. Having ascertained the state of things on the pit bank he went down the shaft and joined in the explorations, and for a long time those on the bank were left in doubt as to the result.

The colliery officials are naturally reticent about the

Origin of the Explosion,

and it is difficult to glean anything trustworthy. The supposition is that by a fall of roof a quantity of gas had been liberated which came in contact with a lamp broken by the falling debris, and thus exploded, or that the gas driven by the velocity of the current, as has been demonstrated may be done, through the gauge of a Davy lamp, has been ignited externally, and an explosion thus brought about. That so large a number of the men in the workings—computed to have been in all about 220—escaped alive seems to have been due to the fact that the air courses were only temporarily stopped. The large Guibal fan, which controls the ventilation, was uninjured. Had the passage of the current of fresh air into the seams been stopped by the accident for any considerable period, there can be no doubt that the greater portion of those below ground would have been lost.

The total number of

Lives Lost

may be put down with some certainty at forty-six. The names of those who descended the pit on Monday morning for the Yard Mine were contained in the book kept by Mr. Cronshaw, a son of the Rev. Mr. Cronshaw, vicar of St. James's, Wigan, apprenticed to a mining surveyor, underlooker, whose sad death occurred in the accident. When his body was recovered and no book found, it was feared that the list might have been destroyed by flames, but a search in the offices resulted in the discovery of the missing book. This contains the names of 74 persons working in that seam, Mr. Cronshaw bringing up the number to 75. The bodies of 39 of those killed in that seam have been brought up, and thirty-two were recovered alive; three of these have since died, two in the cabin of the pit bank, whence the doctors did not consider it advisable to remove them, and the third in the Wigan Infirmary. The total number dead is thus thirty-three, and there are thirteen persons still to be accounted for. Possibly one or two may have ascended the pit before the explosion occurred, but should this prove not to have been the case—and there is a considerable doubt about the total number of lives lost will have to be put down at the figures stated. On Tuesday morning the explorers were rejoiced to find two more living men in the Yard Mine. They were in the return airway, close to the upcast shaft, where they had remained for over thirteen hours. Evidently they must have been dazed and rendered unconscious for some time. On the previous evening the explorers had been within a short distance of the place where they were, and it seems most remarkable that the noise and shouts of those engaged in the work were not heard by the two men. Their names are John Jackson, Hindley, and James Johnson Shuttle, Hillside Cottages, Abram; and on their being brought to the surface they were able to proceed home little the worse for their long stay below. Their arrival at the pit bank gave hope that still more might be recovered alive, but during the day no others were met with, and the expectation must now be abandoned. As the bodies of those

Killed

were met with they were sent to the surface, and then removed to the waggon-shed adjoining the offices. Of the thirty-four killed only twenty-eight had been identified at the time of writing. The names of these are: Richard James Cronshaw, underlooker; Joseph Westhead, collier; George Nixon, drawer; Robert Johnson, drawer; John Edwin Jones, drawer; William Henry Mather, drawer; William Ball, foreman; Thomas Plant, drawer; George Pase, fitter; Joseph Johnson, collier; James Ashton, collier, married, and four widmen; William Barton, fitter; Benjamin Mavers

collier; Robert Johnson, drawer, married, and four children; William Bailey, collier; William Barnes, drawer; Joseph Eckersley, collier, married, and four children; James Taylor, collier, married, and three children; Joseph Mather, drawer; Thomas Brimelow, fitter; William Phillips, collier; Thomas Livesley, fireman, married, and four children; Christopher Arnfield, collier, married, and two children; John Gee, drawer; Thomas Fletcher, drawer, married; John Seddon, drawer; William Ashton, collier, married, and six children; Charles Stoll, drawer, married, and three children. With the exception of two all were blown and burnt.

The inquest opened on Thursday, was adjourned after formal evidence of identification had been taken.

The distribution of allowances from the Lancashire and Cheshire Miners' Permanent Relief Society commenced on Wednesday at the office of the colliery which has been set apart for the purposes of the society. The proprietors of the colliery, Messrs. Heyes and Johnson, who were present, announced their intention of supplementing the funeral grants from the Society to the extent of 25 per cent., and these amounts were paid at the same time. The cases of 18 widows, one mother who has been left dependent by the death of her son, and 46 children were dealt with. In many instances the scenes were very distressing, but the work was got through quickly and deliberately, and many of the widows expressed their thankfulness to find that they were provided for by means of the fund. It has been estimated that the total cost to the society will not fall far short of £1,000. Some subscriptions were sent in on Thursday, and it was suggested that these should be handed to the society. Probably this will be done, for this is by far the heaviest call made upon the society since its formation in 1872.

SEIZURE OF ARMS IN IRELAND.

A Dublin correspondent telegraphed on Monday says:—The seizure of arms and ammunition and dynamite which was made by the police between twelve and one o'clock yesterday morning, taken in connection with similar seizures in other places and acts of violence which have been committed, confirm the belief which has been repeatedly expressed that there is secret as well as open organisation disturbing the country and threatening serious danger. Under cover of an agitation which was said to be legitimate and constitutional, the scattered and half-suppressed forces of revolution have been collected and consolidated. The smouldering fires have been rekindled, and all the elements of mischief contained in the shifting masses of the idle, ignorant, and reckless populace are ready to be used by persons who trade upon what is called the national sentiment. There can be no doubt that Fenianism and other secret systems, which are partly political and partly agrarian, have taken an active part in fomenting popular discontent and keeping up the state of anarchy and terror which is now so formidable.

On the Land League being proclaimed it was supposed that the organisation had come to an end, but there were other agrarian agencies to take up the work, and it has still been carried on to a considerable extent in spite of every effort made to stop it.

The Ladies' Land League

have patched together the torn shreds of the agitation, and, trusting to their sex for immunity while they use themselves and play the part of Amazons, have spread sedition under the cloak of chastity. They have not concealed their sympathy even with the perpetrators of atrocious crimes, but have denounced the officers of the law and held them up to execration and vengeance. As an instance of their evil influence, it may be stated that after the murder of Brennan, the unfortunate tenant-farmer, for paying his rent, two or three of the Lady Land Leaguers paraded the place raising the cry of "No rent." The Fenian movement, or any other movement directed towards similar objects, gains strength and courage from the continuance of popular excitement and exasperation. The agitation carried on by the League, while reviving and developing Fenianism, has been served and stimulated in return. The two forces react upon each other and may co-operate in working out the same revolutionary ends. The facts connected with

The Seizure

are but few. On Saturday evening the police, acting on information they had received, proceeded to two houses, one in Brabazon-row, and the other in Upper Kevin-street. One of the houses was occupied by two brothers named Whelan, marine-store dealers. Concealed in different parts of the houses were 24 breech-loading rifles, four revolvers, two single-barrelled pistols, 22 bayonets, one sword, one rifle cartridge, one canister of shot, 2,500 revolver cartridges, 1,000 blank cartridges, six flasks of powder, 23 lbs. of powder, and a quantity of bullets. At the same time the officers came across a number of documents which had reference to the Fenian conspiracy of 1867. Four persons were arrested—the Whelans, Ryan (a tailor), and a younger brother of the Whelans. When the police approached the first house they found the door locked, but in a short time it was forced open, and the police rushed upstairs to the different rooms. The ammunition was removed to the station in a cart. The police then proceeded to a house in Cross Kevin-street occupied by Ryan. Here they discovered 23 lbs. weight of powder and a quantity of dynamite. These explosives were immediately placed in the cart and conveyed to the Newmarket Station, where the prisoners had previously arrived in custody. Here they were charged with having arms in a proclaimed district. They refused to give any information about the arms.

The Four Prisoners

Patrick Whelan, aged 39, clerk; Thomas Whelan, 27; Redmond O'Hanlon, alias Daniel Whelan, 13, no business; and James Ryan, 39, tailor, Marlborough-street, were charged before Mr. Curran, police magistrate, with having unlawfully conspired together to distribute large quantities of arms and ammunition for disorderly uses in a proclaimed district, and with having in their possession rifles, revolvers, and ammunition. The court was crowded. Inspector Fogarty deposed that he and other officers entered the house, 8, Brabazon-row, about 8 o'clock on the evening in question. He knocked at the door, which was opened by a woman. He entered with Acting-Inspector Kelly and Superintendent Dumbell. Patrick Whelan and Ryan came down, the former asking what his business. Witness told him he had come to search for arms. Whelan said, "You are doing the dirty work for John Bull and代理人 to the British Government?" Witness then arrested them. The prisoner who gave the name of Redmond had previously come in. The officers then proceeded to the top room. O'Hanlon and Patrick Whelan claimed the room as theirs, and refused to permit them to enter. The prisoner asked for their warrant, saying they would not permit them to enter until they went down and searched the place of a man named Bailey. The officers did so, but found nothing. He saw Whelan knock off a constable's hat with a blow. They found in the front room 22 breech-loading rifles, one carbine, and two sword-bayonets in canvas bags. Acting-Inspector Marshall found 4,000 rounds of revolver cartridges in 18 cases. In a leather bag under a bed were found 600 rounds of revolver cartridges, 100 rifle cartridges, three flasks of gunpowder, a canister of shot, and one small pike. The other prisoners were sent to the station. In a back room the police found a six-chamber revolver, three rifle bayonets, some muzzle-loading cartridges, 12 hand grenades, a ladle, and a gun handle, with three boxes containing documents. The police arrested the boy. On Patrick Whelan they found a letter directed to 5, Cross Kevin-street. There were three women in the house in Brabazon-row. A man named Bailey was in the house at the time, but the police did not arrest him. The case was then remanded.

An application was made to admit the prisoners to bail, but the Crown solicitor, saying that the case would wear a more serious aspect than it did on Saturday, resisted the application.

GRAVES TO ALL.—To Secure Health.—Send to JOHN HUGH MARTIN, 22 Regent-circus, London, W., for a 48-page pamphlet on "Creative Magnetism." Magnetism, by a gentle and pleasant method, penetrates and purifies every fibre and tissue of the body, exciting the blood, and imparts to the entire nervous system a vigorous and healthy tone. (A.D.V.)

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL.

The Khedive intimates that he intends to visit Constantinople.

The Porte is preparing the draft of a convention with Italy providing for the mutual extradition of criminals.

The Czar and the Czarina only intend to pass Christmas and the New Year at St.

THE POLICE COURTS.

The following cases were heard on December 17—
Guildhall.

CRUELTY TO HORSES.—Alfred Duke, 34, Essex-road, Islington, greengrocer, was charged with causing a horse to be cruelly ill-treated.—Defendant's son was driving the horse in a van over London-bridge. As it was evidently in great pain, constable stopped it and took it to the greengrocer.—Mr. Thomas Sangster, veterinary surgeon, said the horse was lame, and it was cruelty to work it.—Alderman Walker fined the owner 25 and costs, or one month's imprisonment. He discharged the driver. Subsequently the defendant appealed to the Alderman to reduce the fine and he would have the horse killed.—Alderman Walker said he had made up his mind to put down this species of cruelty. The defendant must either pay the money or go to prison.—Richard Taylor, a cat-smeat purveyor, Shaftesbury-park, Battersea, was charged with a similar offence.—Mr. Langston said the horse was totally unfit for work.—The owner agreed to have the horse slaughtered. On that condition he was fined 4s. and costs.—Jonathan Avis, a wheelwright, Bexleyheath, Dagenham, Essex, was also charged with causing a horse to be cruelly ill-treated.—Alderman Walker discharged the driver, and on the owner consenting to have the horse slaughtered, fined him 4s. and costs.—John Ralph, Jackson's-gardens, Carlisle-lane, Lambeth, charged before Alderman Walker, with working a lame horse, was fined 25 and costs.

THE FORTY THIEVES.—Daniel Sullivan, 16, errand boy; Daniel Lyons, 17, labourer; and John Hickman, 16, were charged with stealing a brown paper parcel from a cart. John Joy, 17 years of age, 22, Albany-street, Goswell-road, was charged with stealing 11*lb.* in bronze from the ticket pocket of Mr. Thomas Payne, of the Drovers' Benevolent Institute, the Cattle Market. John William Green, 16, was charged with stealing a song from the shop door of Mr. George Clark, hosier.—The police stated that prisoners were members of a daring gang of boys who styled themselves "The Forty Thieves." They were the pest of the City.—Alderman Walker sent Sullivan and Lyons to prison for fourteen days, and Hickman, against whom previous convictions were proved, for one calendar month. Joy he sent for two months, and Green he discharged with a caution.

Mansion House.

EXTENSIVE EMBEZZLEMENT.—Henry Collins, a banker's clerk, was charged on remand with embezzling over £2,000, the money of Messrs. Roberts and Co., bankers.—Mr. Mullens, on behalf of the London Bankers' Association, prosecuted.—The prisoner was in the clearing department of the bank, where he had been employed for a number of years. Recently, Mr. Lambourne, investigating the prisoner's accounts, discovered a debit entry in July for £2,000. This proessed to be cleared up by a credit entry later in the same month. As the items were not satisfactorily explained, the prisoner was requested to further explain, but this he was unable to do, and he was then given into the custody of Detective-sergeant Fluster, but made no answer to the charge. Afterwards the prisoner admitted the charge, and said that his defalcations had been going on for nine years.—The prisoner was again remanded.

ALLEGED "LONG FIRM" FRAUD.—Richard Alfred Welham, an elderly man, was charged with conspiring with two men, named Trevelli and Kendrick, now under remand, to defraud.—Mr. St. John Wontner said he prosecuted for the Treasury, and stated that the prisoner was an old friend of the Court and well-known for his "Long Firm" proclivities. In 1877 the prisoner was committed by Sir R. W. Carden for trial, with six other men, for this kind of offence. At the Old Bailey he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, and was now out on licence. He appeared to have answered an advertisement for an agent, and obtained an agency for a watch manufacturer. The prisoner therupon introduced his old friend Trevelli as a very respectable man, and no doubt he was from the prisoner's point of view, for like him, he was on licence, having been sentenced for "Long Firm" frauds to five years' penal servitude. Trevelli gave an order for £200 worth of watches for exportation to Batavia. £100 worth were supplied, and instead of being sent to Batavia, they found their way to Melico, where money was borrowed upon them.—The prisoner was remanded.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.—The General Steam Navigation Company were summoned, under the Cattle Diseases Act, for neglecting to have one of their vessels disinfected and properly cleansed before another cargo was taken on board.—The case was adjourned.

Bow-street.

REHEARING FOR THE DIVORCE COURT.—After Mr. Flowers had disposed of the ordinary night charges, a young woman, of prepossessing appearance, applied for advice with reference to alleged threats of a compulsory restitution of conjugal rights by her husband. She left him about four months ago in consequence of his alleged cruelty, and had since been living with her father, who is a publican. She further alleged that during the time they had cohabited together she had kept her husband for eighteen months, as she never did any work to support her. Last night (Friday) she met him, and he made use of threatening language, declaring that he wanted her to go back with him that he might have revenge. She took time for consideration, and made an appointment to meet him at this court.

The husband, who was in attendance, stepped forward, and in reply to questions put to him, he detailed the whole circumstances of his married life, from which it appeared that he had been in business at Lavender Hill, and had been asked by his wife's father to give it up and join in assisting in the public-house. He demurred at first, but as his wife expressed her determination to go, whether he did or not, he ultimately yielded. After he had been there six months he made an application to his father-in-law for money towards providing a little home for his wife, and received two sovereigns for that purpose.—His wife, however, refused to cohabit with him, and he objected to her presence in a public bar without wearing a wedding ring.—The wife interrupting, said it had been pawned for her husband's benefit.—The husband proceeded to say that after he had met her on Friday night, her brother had handed him a letter and had told him that, "Fanny has no wish to live with you, as she has committed adultery with another man and is quite willing to go and swear it in the Divorce-court." A controversy took place between the parties in the box upon the subject, during which the applicant admitted she had received money from a man who used her father's house.—Mr. Flowers informed the parties that he had no power in the matter, and referred them to the Divorce-court.

MISSING.—The mother of a young girl named Hughes, living at 9, Montague Mews, attended before Mr. Flowers, and stated that her daughter left home on Wednesday afternoon last to visit an aunt in Walworth. She left on Thursday afternoon about three o'clock to return home, but had not been seen or heard of by her parents since. She was about fourteen years of age, had fair complexion and hair. Her right hand was slightly crippled from the effects of a burn, and had a scar extending from the elbow to the fingers. She had also a scar under the left ear, and was wearing a brown tunic dress, black cloth jacket, and a red silk scarf round her neck.

Marlborough-street.

CHARGE OF FRAUD.—Mr. Arthur Frederick Dickson was charged with forging and uttering a cheque for £6 15s., on the 30th November, with intent to defraud Mr. Peter Robinson, silk mercer, Oxford-street.—Miss Lane, assistant to Mr. Peter Robinson, stated that on the 30th November, the prisoner purchased a sum of the value of £1 1s., and gave her a cheque for £6 15s., on Messrs. Glyn's bank. She handed the cheque to the manager of the mantle department (W. Nicholson), who told her to accept it, and she gave the prisoner the change.—Mr. G. C. C. Nicholson, manager of Mr. Peter Robinson's mantle department, said he considered the prisoner's appearance sufficient to justify him in telling the last witness to cash the cheque, which was subsequently returned, marked "No account."—Detective-sergeant Berry, said he arrested the prisoner in the Strand, Denmark-park. On telling him the charge, he replied, "A false cheque? What do you mean?"—The prisoner said he had become bankrupt, and that his books were in the hands of W. Copland, and that he would not say anything to criminate himself.—The prisoner was re-

manded, Mr. Humphreys objecting to bail on the ground that other charges would be brought forward.

Clerkenwell.

THE BRITISH SAVAGES.—Daniel Sullivan, aged 50, iron moulder, of 13, Sheperton-road, Islington, was charged with feloniously cutting and wounding his wife, with intent to do her grievous bodily harm.—Mr. Moore, of the Associate Institute for the Protection of Women, watched the case.—Prosecutrix deposed that last evening on returning home from work she told the prisoner, who had been drinking in bed, that she thought it was high time he got something to do, on which he jumped out and struck her two violent blows in the face. Then he went into bed again. Whilst she was preparing the supper, prisoner again got out of bed and threw some beer at her, and when she told him that she should get some more, he struck her several violent blows, and said that if she went out he would murder her, and taking hold of the knife she had in her hand, drew it out, cutting her badly. She went to the police-station, and prisoner was taken into custody.—Prisoner admitted assaulting his wife, but said it was because she threw things at him whilst he was in bed.—Mr. Barstow said he should deal with the case as one of assault. Prisoner would be imprisoned for 14 days.

EMBEZZLEMENT BY A SCRIPTURE READER.—George Sansom, aged 17, respectably dressed, who it was stated was a Scripture reader, and the son of a City missionary residing at Anley-street, Old Kent-road, was charged with embezzlement on the 13th inst. several sums of money, amounting in all, to £1 10s., received by him for and on account of his employer, Mr. James Young, dyer, of Upper-street. The prisoner had been in the employ of the prosecutor for some time at a liberal salary. His duty among other things, was to take out goods to customers, receive the money for them, and to account for all sums so received, as soon as he returned home. Suspicion entertained by the prosecutor led him to make inquiries, when he found the prisoner had received several small sums for which he had not accounted.—Prisoner, when apprehended, said he was very sorry, and hoped the prosecutor and the Court would be merciful to him. He now pleaded guilty, and asked the magistrate to settle the case.—Mr. Barstow sentenced him to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for six weeks.

Worship Street.

SUGAR IN BEER.—Thomas C. Newmarsh, of the Monmouth Arms public-house, Haberdasher-street, Hoxton, was convicted of having on his premises a quantity of sugar intended for use in beer.—Charles Matthew Neal, beer-retailer, of Baker-street, Bethnal-green, appeared to a summons which charged him with having on the 26th of September in his possession one half-pint of solution of sugar.—The defendant was fined in a sum of 25s.

Marylebone.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Joseph Richardson, 21, living at 49, Grafton-road, Kentish-town, was charged on remand with attempting to commit suicide by throwing himself into the Regent's Canal. A letter was now received from the Chaplain of the House of Detention to the effect that the accused had been indulging in a long course of drinking.—Mr. Cooke ordered prisoner to fast a surely in £20 to keep the peace for three months; until it was found, he would remain in prison.

Lambeth.

MOTHER AND SON.—Anne Heard, an aged woman, living in the neighbourhood of Lambeth-walk, was summoned by her son, Francis Heard, for unlawfully knocking at his door without lawful excuse.—Complainant said prisoner had before annoyed him in a similar manner.—Defendant declared that her son owed her 1*lb.*, and she went to his house to get it, when she was roughly treated by him.—Complainant: How did I roughly treat you?—Defendant: You pinched my arm and twisted it about, and roughly turned me away.—Complainant: I did not. You had no business to come to my place. I don't owe you anything.—Mr. Ellison, after listening to some further observations of the complainant, said, with much warmth, I tell you, sir, it's a disgraceful thing to bring your aged mother to a police-court upon such a paltry complaint.—Complainant: But I wish to explain.—Mr. Ellison: Stand down, sir. I have heard quite enough, and have expressed my opinion.—The summons was dismissed.

ROBING CHILDREN.—Mary Ann M. in, 30, described as a married woman living in Aldred-road, was charged with stealing £6. from Arthur Sherman, aged 8 years. The mother sent the boy to get some beer. Upon his return he failed to bring back the proper change, and seemed very frightened.—A police-constable, in consequence of information received, went with the boy to the Lorraine Arms, where he found the prisoner.—The boy said in her presence that she asked him to let her look at the change he had, and upon his opening his hand she took £6. and went out saying she was going to buy some sweets for him. The landlord proved that prisoner was in the house and followed close to the boy as he went out.—Prisoner, who denied the charge was remanded for inquiry.

POOR BOX.—The magistrate has received for the poor-box £20 from the Fishmongers' Company.

Southwark.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY.—Annie Carter, 21, a flaxily-dressed young woman, living in Tennison-street, Waterloo-road, was charged with stealing a gold watch and chain, the property of Henry Gully.—Mr. Washington prosecuted, and, in opening the case, said that the prosecutor was a "young man from the country," of considerable means. He came up to the Cattle Show on a visit to some friends. On the previous night he went to a theatre in the Strand. After leaving the theatre, he fell in with the prisoner and another girl, and treated them at the Gaiety restaurant. He afterwards accompanied them to a house in Tennison-street, Waterloo-road. He had at that time his watch and chain and some loose coins in his pockets. On waking up in the morning, at twelve o'clock, he found his clothes thrown over the room, his pocket-book and papers scattered about, and his watch and chain gone. The police were called in, and as the prisoner had been seen leaving the room, she was given into custody.—The prosecutor, on being sworn, said he met the two young girls in the Strand, and treated them at the Gaiety restaurant. As they were very kind to him, and it was too late to go to his lodgings, one of the girls took him to a room, where he placed his watch and chain on the dressing-table and his clothes on a chair. When he woke up he missed his watch and chain, and on examining his pockets he missed all his money except sixpence. The young girl who took him to the house was taken ill in the night, and was obliged to leave the room, and as the prisoner was seen roaming about the house, suspicion fell upon her, and she was taken into custody.—Prisoner here said, "I was looking after my cat, sir. I have a beautiful creature, and I could not find it. I was looking all over the house for it. I called out, Where's my cat?" (Laughter.)

Mr. Bridge: Has the watch and chain been found?—Mr. Washington said they had not; but he understood the prisoner had left the house in the course of the morning.—Ellen Walker said she was one of the young women who met the prosecutor in the Strand, and accompanied them to the house in Tennison-street. The prisoner also left there, but had nothing to do with them.—Witness's sister was with the prosecutor, and during the night she was so sick that she was compelled to go to the law-story, and witness attended to her and put her on the sofa in her room. She saw the prisoner enter the room where the prosecutor was asleep, as she came down she asked her what she was doing about the house. She replied "I have been looking for my cat."—The constable who took the prisoner into custody, said she was searched before she left the house, but the property could not be found. Other women and men had been in the house.—Mr. Bridge observed that it would be useless and not the prisoner for trial on such evidence, as no jury could convict.—He therefore discharged the prisoner.

WORKHOUSE LURE.—Alexander Bucknott, the porter, at Saint Saviour's Workhouse, Marlborough-street, Newgate, was charged with assaulting George Tillett, an inmate, 75 years of age, one of the inmates employed at the gate.—Complainant said he had once been in business at Snowhill, and afterwards clerk to an auctioneer, but at last he was compelled to seek shelter at the workhouse. A short time ago the defendant selected him as one of the gate-keepers under him, which exposed him very much to the cold. One day he asked to be allowed to enter his lodge to warm his hands, and was refused. On the evening of the 20th, when defendant was away, he went into the lodge to make an entry on the slate, and at that time a female inmate came in and said something to him. While

there the defendant ordered him out of the lodge, and on witness telling him he was there to warm his hands he took him by the shoulder and turned him out. Witness told him he should acquaint the master of his conduct, when he seized hold of him and dragged him into the receiving ward, and kept him there until the following morning. On the following morning he told the master of it, and said he should go to the magistrate and take out a summons. He accordingly left the house and went to his late master, who engaged a solicitor to take proceedings.—The defendant, in answer to the charge said the complainant was an obstinate old man, but was actually breaking the order of the house. He had strict orders not to allow the men to converse with the females inside, and on the day in question he caught him conversing with one of them in the lodge, and told him to leave. As he refused, he led him out, when he became so obstreperous that he was compelled to take him to the receiving ward as a refractory pauper. On the following morning he asked him if his master was better, when he said, "What's that to you? I am going to the magistrate, and I'll have the coat off your back." Witness said nothing more to him, and he denied having assaulted him as stated.—Mr. Weekly, the master of the workhouse, said the rules were that none of the men should speak to the females. As for the porter's lodge, the old men at the gate had a right to go in it to warm themselves. As soon as he heard of the affair he advised the old man to go before the committee that evening, but he would not, and he allowed him to go out and see the magistrate. In answer to Mr. Bridge he said that the porter selected the gate-keepers from the best educated men in the house. Those men had greater liberty. They were allowed out at intervals, and that no objection was made to their fetching tea, sugar, and snuff for the old people.—Several witnesses were called for the defence, among whom was Elizabeth Scrags, who said she generally made the porter's tea and looked to his room. While there the old man came up to her, mumbling something about the porter, but she did not take any notice of him. Defendant then came in and ordered him out, but as he refused to go he led him out and took him to the receiving ward and left him.—Mr. Bridge observed that many of the people who sought shelter at the workhouse were those who had been brought to poverty by misfortune, and they were entitled to consideration and kind treatment by the officials. He had carefully investigated the case, but he had come to the conclusion that complainant had exaggerated his statement, and had broken the rules of the house, which in such an establishment, must be strictly obeyed. Being of opinion that the complainant had not spoken the truth, he dismissed the summons.

Westminster.

WORKING MEN'S CLUBS AND THE LICENSING LAWS.—This morning, on Mr. D'Eyncourt taking his seat, Mr. Alfred J. Bristow, solicitor to the Westminster and Pimlico Licensed Victuallers' Protection Association, applied for process against the Crescenor Working Men's Club, in the Buckingham Palace-road, for selling a bottle of whisky for consumption off the premises, contrary to the provisions of the Licensing Acts. The advocate stated that it would be in the remembrance of his worship that some months since proceedings were taken against the manager and committee of this club for selling excisable liquor to be consumed off the premises, and the result of what was really a test case was a conviction, with the nominal penalty of 20s.—The management of the club appealed against this decision, but they had altogether disregarded the opinion of his worship, and in pending the decision of a higher court, they had continued their "off" sales, and were no doubt still breaking the law. On the 10th of the present month, Mr. George Evans, chairman of the Local Association of Licensed Victuallers, and also a member of the club, naked for a bottle of whisky, and left the club with it unopened. He had previously signified his intention of causing proceedings to be taken should the sale be made to him, and following this he received a letter from the secretary and manager, stating that by the advice of their solicitor, the club would continue to supply liquor to members as they had done before.—Mr. D'Eyncourt thought that the committee of the club should have waited until the application had been decided. His decision might be wrong or right, but at present it was not upset.—Mr. Bristow thought that in common decency the club were bound to respect the decision of the magistrate, but they had altogether disregarded the opinion of his worship, and in pending the decision of a higher court, they had continued their "off" sales, and were no doubt still breaking the law. 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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT 110, ST. JAMES'S IN THE PRECINCTS OF THE SAVOY, IN THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, BY ERNEST MADDICK, ON THE 25TH DECEMBER, 1881.

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